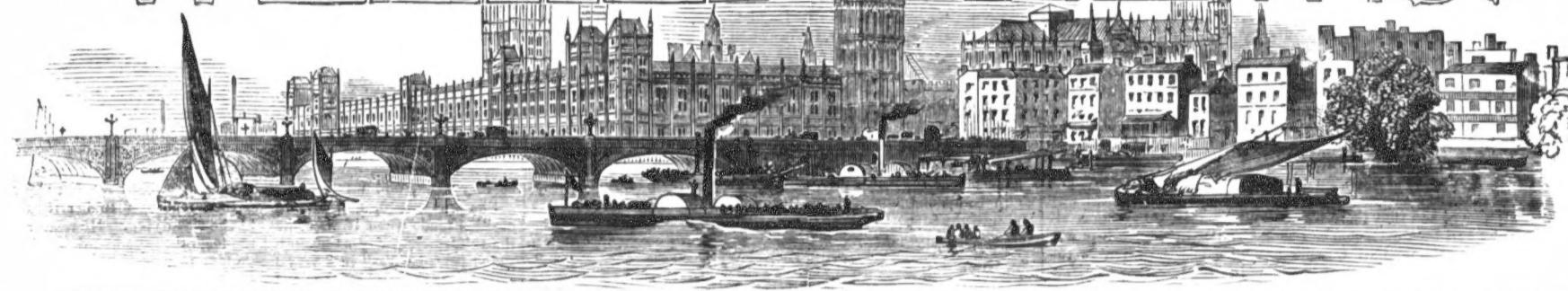


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AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

ONE PENNY.



FRESKO IN THE GREAT HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN. (See page 227.)

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Tuesday, Sir J. Gray moved that the House will, on a future day, resolve itself into committee to consider the temporalities and privileges of the established church in Ireland.—Colonel Greville seconded the resolution.—Sir F. H.igate moved the previous question.—Mr. Vance seconded the amendment. On a division, the House decided by the majority of 195 to 183 not to put the question.—Lord Amherst obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the registration of persons entitled to vote in the election of members to serve in Parliament.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Wednesday, Mr. Carnegie moved the second reading of the Hypothec Abolition (Scotland) Bill.—Mr. H. Ballin moved the rejection of the bill.—On a division, the bill was rejected by 225 to 96.—On the order for going into committee on the Church-rates Abolition Bill, Mr. Hardcastle said notice had been given of a series of amendments by Mr. Waldegrave Leslie, but as that hon. gentleman was prevented from being in his place by indisposition, he proposed that those amendments should be taken on bringing up the report.—The House then went into committee on the bill, but Sir M. Beach immediately moved that the chairman report progress, and, on a division, the motion was carried by 242 to 102, and the further proceeding with the bill was fixed for Wednesday, the 12th of June.

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, on Thursday, the Earl of Derby announced that the conference on the Luxembourg question had met that afternoon, and that there was every reason to believe that all difficulties had been overcome.—The Policies of Insurance Bill was read a second time.—Earl Cowper having called attention to the proceedings of the Government in relation to the late Reform meeting in Hyde Park, and moved for a copy of the notice issued by the Home-office.—The Earl of Derby explained the circumstances under which the Government had acted.—Earl Russell maintained that the conduct of ministers had exposed the dignity of the crown to unparalleled contempt.—The Lord Chancellor contended that, as the law stood, no other course was open to the Government than that which they had taken.—Earl Grey censured the executive, but admitted that the parks ought not to be perverted from their proper uses.—Eventually the motion was withdrawn.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Thursday, Sir J. Pakington stated that it was the intention of the Government to proceed with the plan of raising an army of reserve.—The case of the "Poet Young" was again brought under notice by Mr. O'Reilly, who ultimately withdrew his opposition, and the "unfortunate poet" (as Mr. Bright described him), is to continue to enjoy his pension.—Lord Stanley stated that the conference had held its second sitting that day, and had come to an agreement on all the matters at issue.—Mr. Walpole stated, in reply to Mr. Lowe, that the Government had not received the opinion of the law officers of the crown, submitted to them in July last, until five days after the disturbances in Hyde Park.—The House then went into committee on the Representation of the People Bill, resuming the consideration of an amendment moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the object of which was to provide that the rates payable by householders rated at less than £10 should be "an equal amount in the pound to that payable by other ordinary occupiers." Mr. Brett characterised the conduct of the Opposition as intended to destroy the bill altogether. Mr. Mill deprecated making any distinction between voters above or below £10. Mr. Gladstone insisted that the House would commit an offence against policy, good faith, and honour if they were to acquiesce in a measure which could not lead to a permanent settlement of the question. Mr. Kendall supported and Mr. Fawcett opposed the amendment, the latter arguing that its immediate effect would be to fan the flames of agitation out of doors. Mr. J. B. Smith expressed his intention to support the amendment, chiefly on the ground that, as the House was about to admit a new class of voters to the franchise, they were entitled to make terms with them. Mr. Lowe commented upon the unsubstantial principle upon which the bill was based. Mr. Bright asserted that the bill was narrow and exclusive in its details, and that the object of the amendment under discussion was to restrict and limit the number of compound householders whom it was proposed to admit to the franchise. The bill as now arranged would exclude 36,000 householders in Birmingham alone. Mr. Roebuck denounced the conduct of the Opposition as a mere farce, and characterised the speech of Mr. Bright as a portion of that stump oratory to which people were ever ready to listen when assured that they were aggrieved. Mr. Headlam said he would be a craven and a coward if he did not give his support to the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied that the Government had framed the bill so as to exclude the compound householders from the enjoyment of the franchise. The committee divided, when the numbers were—For the Chancellor of the Exchequer's amendment, 322; against, 256; majority for miners, 66. The result was received with loud and prolonged cheers from the ministerial benches. The words proposed were then inserted, and the chairman reported progress.

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, on Friday, the Marquis of Cianricarde asked if the Government had taken proper steps to obtain correct reports of evidence given upon the trials for treason in Ireland. Alluding to a petition of the Reform League to her Majesty to spare the lives of the condemned Fenians, he protested against the terms of the petition, which called the Fenians "patriots," though qualified by the word "misguided," and declared that that did not savour much of allegiance to the crown.—The Earl of Derby stated that steps had been taken to secure accurate reports of the trials.—The Local Government Supplemental Bill and the Land Drainage Supplemental Bill were read a second time.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Friday, Sir J. Pakington stated that he would not take the vote of which he had given notice with regard to the Supplementary Army Estimates, but that on Monday he would ask for leave to bring in three bills, carrying out the scheme proposed by General Peel.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he would fix the National Debt Bill for Thursday.—Mr. Neate gave notice that he would move as an amendment to the Royal Parks Bill that it was not expedient to deal with reference only to the Royal parks.—Mr. Walpole moved that the select committee, on the Factory Acts Extension Bill and the Hours of Labour Regulation Bill do consist of seventeen members, which was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced to the HOUSE OF COMMONS the resignation of Mr. Walpole, intimating that he would continue to have a seat in the Cabinet without holding office. Mr. Disraeli passed a high eulogium on the late Home Secretary. Several members were anxious to know what was to be done with respect to the Meetings in Parks Bill, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to give any information. When the successor of Mr. Walpole was in his place, he would state the course that would be taken.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then asked leave to introduce the Scotch Reform Bill, the provisions of which he very briefly described. The borough suffrage is to be virtually a £4 rental; the county franchise a £15 occupation, with no change in the property franchise. Seven new members are to be given to Scotland. Of these one is to be given to Glasgow, which is to be divided into two boroughs for parliamentary purposes; one member is to be given to the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's jointly; and one to the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen jointly. Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, and Aberdeenshire are to be divided, and an additional member given to each. The seventh member goes to a new group of boroughs. In stating these things, Mr. Disraeli went out of his way to attack the deputation which waited upon Mr. Gladstone on Saturday, as a regiment of sputters of stale sedition. The proposal of the Government was criticised by several Scotch members, most of whom approved of the borough suffrage proposed, but altogether opposed the distribution of seats part of the bill. Mr. Gladstone, in criticising the bill, declared that it was the strongest condemnation of the English bill. Further, he condemned the attack which Mr. Disraeli had made upon the deputation of Saturday. Mr. Disraeli replied, and having been pressed to say where the seven new members for Scotland were to come from, intimated, with much circumlocution, that they were to be a clear addition to the number of members in the House. Leave was given to bring in the bill, which was introduced and read a first time.

The House then went into committee on the English Reform Bill. After some discussion, words were inserted, at the instance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view of carrying out the policy as to compound householders, for which the Government have obtained the support of the House.

SOCIETY:
Its Facts and its Rumours.

There will be two state concerts and two state balls at Buckingham Palace in the course of the season.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will hold a levee on the part of her Majesty at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday, the 29th instant.

We are authorised to state that the Court announced to be held by the Queen in June will take place at Buckingham Palace on Friday, the 21st June, at four o'clock.

Two drawing rooms will be held in June, on her Majesty's behalf, at St. James's Palace, the dates of which will be shortly announced.

The marriage of Captain Thomas Charles Douglas Whitmore, son of J. C. Whitmore, Esq., to Louisa Mary Emily, daughter of Sir W. C. Cradock Hartopp, Bart., of Fair Oaks, Warwick, took place on Saturday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the ceremony being performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of York, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Langhorne, senior curate of St. Paul's.

The infant daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales was christened on the 10th, at Marlborough House. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and the Princess received the names of Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar. The sponsors were the Queen of Denmark, the Grand Duchess Carlotta (Princess Dagmar), the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, Princess Louise, Princess Louis of Hesse, the King of the Greeks, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Frederick of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Glucksburg.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Paris on Saturday morning on his visit to the Exhibition. His Royal Highness travelled by train on the South-Eastern Railway from Charing-cross station. The journey to Dover was made in the midst of a tremendous storm; the working of the telegraph was seriously interfered with by the electrical disturbance, but no accident or detention occurred in consequence. The Prince embarked on board the Chatham and Dover Company's steamer, the *Maid of Kent*, and the passage across the Channel occupied about an hour and forty minutes. During the Prince's stay in the French capital he will be the guest of Lord Cowley, and will make several visits to the exhibition. The Prince's stay in Paris will be limited, as is understood, to about eight days.

INTERIOR OF A TARTAR SCHOOL.

The engraving on page 236 of the interior of a Tartar school, may, perhaps, remove any erroneous opinions our readers may have formed as to the manner in which the young Tartars, male and female, are taught in their public schools. Here we see the sexes mixed together in the same way as is, or rather was, the custom at our old dame schools. The girls wear, almost constantly, a coquettish little red fan, with a flat, blue silk tassel on the top; and their hair, which is plaited in fifty little tails, hangs all about their shoulders. Red hair they love, and dye their heads accordingly, also their nails. In the schools they are kept exceedingly orderly, and, as seen in our illustration, they sit cross-legged on the floor to learn their lessons; but, like us, they stand up to repeat their lessons to the grim old Tartar schoolmaster, who looks, indeed, "a regular Tartar."

THE LIBRARY OF THE MANCHESTER MECHANIC INSTITUTION.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, since the time when Dr. Birkbeck first enunciated the idea, and explained the proper aims and probably advantages of such establishments, have been diffused over the length and breadth of the land, and of course Manchester was not slow in accepting an idea so obviously suited to her wants and necessities. Their institution was first established about thirty years since; but the new institute and library was not opened until 1856. It will be seen from our engraving on page 236, that the library is of noble proportion, well lit, and exceedingly well stocked with books. It is from this institution that the idea of industrial exhibitions first emanated, and which have since become so popular in London and in the chief towns in the country.

THE SULTAN has had a cock fight on a grand scale. The combatants were introduced as at Knowsley in the olden time. The most stalwart chanticleer was named Azis, after the sacred Padishah himself: the other competitors of the gallinaceous brood were named Bismarck, Napoleon III, Palmerston, Frederick William, and Victor Emmanuel. After a fierce conflict Azis vanquished Napoleon. The delighted Sultan instantly decorated the conquering cock with the order of Osmanli of the first class in diamonds, and thus accounted the bird struts about his harem as though he fully appreciated the high honour which has been bestowed upon him.

THE TRAGEDY AT BUCKHURST-HILL.

The young man Watkins, who so nearly succeeded in killing his sweetheart, Matilda Griggs, at Buckhurst-hill; was again brought before the magistrates at Waltham-Abbey on Tuesday morning. The poor girl was able to attend and to give her evidence. At ten o'clock the prisoner, Frederick Alexander Watkins, arrived at the Waltham Abbey police-station. The crowd outside was very large, and it was found impossible to accommodate the large number who had assembled in the small court usually occupied by the magistrates, and therefore it was decided to hold the court in the county court of the district. The prisoner was therefore walked down the street, through the large crowd, who kept running along the road for the purpose of getting a good look at him. He walked at the side of Mr. Stringer, the governor of the gaol, and he was surrounded by police. The crowd were kept in order by the police, who acted under the orders of Inspectors Waldy and Dean. The prisoner, who was handcuffed, looked rather sad. Miss Matilda Griggs was brought to the county court in a private fly, and she was accompanied by her father and mother. She is a pretty girl, and was attired in a black silk dress and a summer bonnet.

Within a few minutes of the opening of the court it was densely crowded.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock on Tuesday the magistrates took their seats upon the bench. Mr. Dawes was chairman.

Mr. Abrams appeared to watch the proceedings on behalf of the accused.

The first witness called was Matilda Griggs. She appeared to be very weak, and was accommodated with a seat.

She was sworn, and Mr. Jessop then read over to her the deposition made when it was thought she was dying. He read it in the third person, and as he stated the facts that she had deposed to, she answered "Yes" in a very feeble tone of voice. The deposition stated that she had been met by the accused on the 24th of April, near her father's house, and that he invited her to take a walk, and that she consented. When in a field near Buckhurst-hill he charged her with speaking to other young men, and she denied it. He then struck her on the head, and then with a dagger on the breast.

At that point she said, in a very faint voice: And behind the blade bone.

The Clerk continued reading the deposition, and said that he stabbed her several times, and then she knew not what happened.

Clerk: Have you anything to add to the deposition that you have made?

Matilda Griggs: Nothing.

Mr. Abrams then said that he should like to put a few questions to her; and he asked her if she had not always been very affectionately treated by the prisoner.

Miss Griggs: He always treated me with the greatest attention and attention. I know that his father had an estate. I made the prisoner's acquaintance at his father's house. He never complained to me of pains in his head. He never told me that brickmaking gave him pains in the head. He did not say that brickmaking agreed with him better than watchmaking. He said he had better health. I recollect his having his ears pierced, but I do not recollect that he had it done on account of pains in his head. I walked out with him on Easter Monday. He told me that he had been to the stag hunt. He did not tell me that he was uneasy in his mind. I do not recollect that he told me that he could not sleep at night. I would not venture to swear that he did not. He came to my house on the Tuesday evening. I do not think that he was in an excited state. He came at a quarter-past eight o'clock. We left the house at half-past eight. I did not notice anything peculiar in his manner. I do not recollect his saying to me, "Matilda, I feel unhappy in my mind." He might have said so.

At this stage of the examination the witness became quite overcome, and she closed her eyes and lay back in the chair. Dr. Horne at once came to her assistance.

Mr. Abrams said that he would make the examination as short as possible.

Miss Griggs was then assisted out of court.

Mr. H. L. Patterson, inspector of police, was then called, and he said: On Wednesday, the 24th April, at half-past five o'clock in the morning, the prisoner came to the Epping Police-station, and said: "I have stabbed a young woman at Buckhurst-hill." Witness cautioned him that whatever he might say would be used in evidence for or against him. He then said, "I stabbed her in a field at Buckhurst-hill." "Who was she?" he asked. "Miss Griggs," replied the prisoner. He then said that he felt very ill, that he wanted to go out into the garden. Witness accompanied him there, and he said that he had taken something that he ought not to have taken the night before. He said that he had taken acid that he used in his trade as a watchmaker. When he got better witness asked him, "Who is Miss Griggs?" "The daughter of Thomas Griggs, well-borer, of North Cottage, Buckhurst-hill." When asked why he stabbed her, he replied, "We had some words, and all that." He said that he had stabbed her with a dagger. He said that he did not know how often he had stabbed her. He supposed in two or three places. He said he did not know where he had left the young woman. He supposed that some people had found her. He said that his name was Frederick Watkins, of 36, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and that he was a watchmaker, now lodging at the Fox, Buckhurst-hill. Witness examined his hands, and found blood on them.

When that statement was made, the eyes of all in the court were directed towards the prisoner. He looked very red, and he leant upon his right hand.

After some further evidence the prisoner was again remanded.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—On Monday, at Wigan, Peter Fairclough and Thomas Hurst were charged with unlawfully wounding Patrick Farrell, who now lies at the point of death from the injuries inflicted on him. On Saturday night a quarrel took place between the parties, during which Farrell received a terrible blow on the head that fractured his skull. Farrell's depositions were taken on Sunday, but although partly conscious, he was unable to reply clearly to the questions put to him, and on Monday he was much worse. The prisoners were remanded.

THE FATAL FIRE IN THE WATERLOO ROAD.—On Monday an inquest was held at the Half-way House, Webber-street, Waterloo-road, on the body of Caroline Newham, aged twenty, who was burnt to death in her room at Herbert's-buildings, Waterloo-road, as already reported in these columns. On Wednesday morning the deceased, who was a mantle-maker, went home in a state of intoxication, and shortly afterwards a fire was discovered in her apartment. On a fireman entering the chamber she was found dead, her body leaning up against a cupboard in one corner of the room. The jury were of opinion that the deceased set fire to her clothes accidentally, and thus caused death.

LONDON GOSSIP.

As a proof of the improved condition of the Thames, we may state that a fine, well-conditioned sturgeon, upwards of 60lb. weight, was caught on Saturday morning, at Westminster-bridge, and is now alive in a tank.

On Saturday, two Russians were charged at Bow-street with robbing her Majesty's mails in broad daylight. The prisoners had been noticed loitering about the South-Western District Post-office in Queen's-road, Pimlico, for some days, and the police were set to watch their movements. The result was that, when the prisoners went up to the Fulham mail-cart and took one of the bags, the officers at once gave chase and captured them.

According to the latest reports, the changes in the Ministry consequent on Mr. Walpole's resignation do not appear to be settled. It is even understood that the right honourable gentleman himself may remain in the Cabinet, though without office. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, indeed, we are still inclined to regard as the future Home Secretary, and we believe that he is so regarded by the chiefs of his own party.

The modern portion of the celebrated collection of pictures formed by Mr. H. A. J. Munro, deceased, removed from the mansion of Novar, North Britain, was disposed of on Saturday last, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, at their rooms, King-street, St. James's. The sum realized was £17,250. The pictures by the old masters in the Novar collection will be sold this day, at the same place.

We understand that it is her Majesty's intention to visit the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, after the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Hall of Arts and Sciences, on the 20th inst. The council of the society have announced a grand fete in honour of the occasion, when it is expected that the chief exhibitors will be well represented. As the Queen will arrive at half-past eleven, the various doors on this occasion will be open at one o'clock.

On Monday morning a meeting of the journeymen tailors of Islington was held at the Old Milestone Temperance-hall, City-road, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the men now on strike in the City and West-end, and tendering them a hearty support in their demands for their just rights, at which the following resolution was adopted:—"That the outworkers at this meeting pledge themselves not to take work from any shop now on strike." A resolution was also passed regretting that the employers refused to discuss a time log.

After the Reform demonstration last summer, in which the railings separating Park-lane from Hyde-park were levelled, the vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square, passed a resolution apprising the Government that a great boon would be conferred upon the public if a portion of the park running parallel with Park-lane were given up for the purpose of being converted into a roadway, in order to add to the width of the present thoroughfare. On Thursday last a letter was read at the vestry from the First Commissioner of Works, stating "that her Majesty has been graciously pleased, in order to facilitate this improvement, to authorise the setting back of the public boundary fence." The cost of paving the portion of the park thus given up will amount to about £2,000.

The following pensions on the Civil List, which exhaust the amount available for the current year, have been recently granted:—£100 a year to Mrs. Chisholm, in consideration of the valuable and disinterested services rendered by her to emigrants in New South Wales. £100 a year to the family of the late Dr. Petrie, being pensions at the rate of £25 a year to each of his four daughters, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by him to archaeological science, both as an author and a public servant. £100 a year to Lady Harris, widow of Sir William Snow Harris, in consideration of her husband's valuable invention of the system of lightning conductors. £100 a year to the Rev. Miles Joseph Berkeley, on account of his eminent services, as a botanist, to practical horticulture and agriculture. £95 a year to George Cuckshank, Esq., on account of his great merit as an artist.

PROVINCIAL ITEMS.

The cattle plague has just broken out on the farm of Mr. Wilson, near Retford. One beast has been destroyed by order of the inspector, but Mr. Wilson's other cattle have not yet evinced any symptom of the disease. The cattle market has been stopped at Worksop for beasts, but no orders have yet been issued respecting sheep.

Mr. Mechi, writing under date of the 10th inst., says:—"Spring-sown corn never looked more promising, and the same may be said of green and pasture crops. Our well-tended and drained land wheats are luxuriant and forward; on stiff, undrained clays they have been much singed, and there has been wireworm on light soils. Brewers may look forward to a much more profitable year than the last, when the month of May was prolific of snow-storms and hard frosts, which ruined the fruit blossoms and caused an inferior harvest. My own crops, of every kind, never flourished more abundantly. Owing to the extremely fine weather, every man, woman, and youth can find employment in the fields."

A few mornings since a public meeting of the Jewish inhabitants of Manchester and its vicinity was held in the Jews' School, Cheetham, for the purpose of discussing the desirability of establishing a board of guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor in Manchester. There was a large attendance, and Mr. Philip Falk presided. After an address from the chairman, and speeches from other gentlemen present, the following resolution was agreed to:—"That in the opinion of this meeting it is highly desirable that, as speedily as possible, a board of guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor of Manchester." Subsequently the title of the board was decided upon, a set of rules prepared by the provisional committee submitted and agreed to, and other steps taken to complete the objects of the meeting.

The gangway—the disappearance of which immediately after the accident on the Tyne has caused so much speculation as to its whereabouts—has at length been found. As a wherry was proceeding down the river to Fellin, and when opposite the Swin, it struck against something sunk in the water. The men in the boat, fearing it might perchance be the missing gangway, lowered a chain, which was put under the obstruction, and raised it to the surface, when it proved to be the very thing. A steamer was sent from St. Peter's, and the gangway was towed down the

river, and moored opposite the dead-house, where it will remain until an official inspection of it is made. One of the company's officials states that shortly after the accident occurred, the gangway being in the way, orders were given for a steamer to take it in tow. This was done, but a rope which was fastened to the iron arch became detached, it was lost.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

Mr. Wright, the United States Minister at Berlin, died suddenly on Saturday morning at eight o'clock. The funeral will take place on Monday next.

Advices received from Greek sources in Candia state that on the 4th inst. the Turks, with a strong body, attacked the Christians at Spakia on two sides, but were repulsed. The following day a fresh attack was made, which lasted till the morning of the third day. The Turks were again repulsed, and retired to the open plain.

It is certainly strange, close as we are to France, how little she can get used to us. Not two years ago the *Constitutionnel*, in a grand political article, reported "A Speech delivered by Lord Palmerston in the House of Lords!" The *Siecle* now reports that "Lord Walpole has resigned his portfolio as Minister of Home Affairs!"

The *New York Home Journal* says that prayer-books are used in the High Church places of worship in that city with small looking-glasses fitted inside the covers, so that ladies, whilst occupied with their devotions, may at the same time be satisfied that their chignons are properly adjusted, their follow-me-lads all clear, and their bonnets in trim.

On Saturday two dromedaries contended in a trial of speed in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, but it was not of a nature to test the lasting powers of the animals, being merely an ordinary competition of speed between one from Algeria and another from Egypt. The Algerian won both heats, going over a distance of two miles and a half, the first time in 18 min. 10 sec., and the second in 15 min. 9 sec.

There have been during the week several grand receptions in Paris; amongst others, one at M. Drouyn de Lhuys', where the diplomatic world has met. On all occasions, I am told, these gentlemen have expressed not only their confidence in peace, but are confident in their belief that all cause for war between Prussia and France is removed, and that every month and year will make such a calamity more and more impossible.

The latest advices from China are to the effect that six ships have entered for the race to England—viz., the *Ariel*, *Serica*, *Taiping*, *Sir Launceot*, and *Black Prince*. Although the *Ariel* won the run home last year by a neck, the shippers of the new season's teas this year have to a certain extent transferred their favours to the *Black Prince* as the winner, but still retain the fast ship of last year's race as a favourite for a place.

From Shanghai we learn that an important case is under trial, being an action brought by a certain silk broker against Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, & Co. The result, as yet uncertain, will probably go far to set at rest the vexed question of Chinese agency. The French Consul-General at Shanghai has invited French merchants, &c., to express their views respecting the forthcoming revision of the treaty. A lighthouse is being erected at Cheefoo. Several villages have been burned down by the rebels near Governor Island, in the Yang-tze-kiang. Tseng-kwo-tsang's resumption of office, as governor of the two Kiangs, has been officially notified to the foreign consuls. An earthquake occurred at Hankow on the 14th March. No damage was done.

The *Italia* of Naples says:—"The national guard of Lauria has just had a brilliant encounter with the Predicatore band. A detachment of those troops, with two carbineers, were patrolling at Pietraferrata, when they discovered some brigands concealed in a small wood. The soldiers fired, and forced the bandits to retreat to a farm-house at Alaggio, where the latter made a stand. One of the number, being wounded, threw himself down a deep ravine to escape capture, and was killed. A second, being surrounded, defended himself energetically for a time, but at length fell before the fire of the national guard. He was recognized as Felice Jacobino, chief of the Predicatore band, aged twenty-four years only, and who had already rendered himself notorious from his acts of cruelty."

A Florence letter says:—"The King has commenced the system of economy which the ministry is inaugurating by spontaneously reducing his civil list by 4,000,000. The Royal income will henceforward be only 12,000,000 a year—a modest amount when one thinks of the numerous palaces which the King has to keep up in his different capitals. His Majesty, in reducing his revenue by 4,000,000, has requested the Chamber to pay off his liabilities, amounting to 6,000,000. If I am well informed, out of this amount 1,000,000 is due to the Duke of Genoa, or at least to his children; another to the Consorzio, (subscription to pay off the national debt) to which His Majesty means to pay honourably. The surplus of the debt has its cause in the expenses consequent on the transfer of the capital and the extra expenses of the last war."

The street-car difficulty at Richmond, Virginia, has been adjusted so far as granting permission for coloured people to ride. Mr. Walker, the president, and three directors of the company waited, by request, on General Schieffelin, to interchange views in reference to an amicable settlement of the trouble; and, after many suggestions, it was ultimately agreed by the company to throw the cars open to the public, irrespective of colour. General Schieffelin simply expressed his opinion that public vehicles ought to be thrown open. The company intended some time ago to adopt this very same course, but the question as to whether the experiment would pay, being a doubtful one, induced them up to this time in retaining things as they are. According to the arrangement which has been determined on, four cars will be open to the general public, whites and blacks alike, and two other cars, comprising the entire number on the line, will be appropriated exclusively for ladies and children.

The suffering in the Southern States of America is increasing, rather than diminishing. The states most affected are the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The famine affects all classes—the freedmen not less than the whites. The Radicals profess so much affection for the negro, that it seems strange that they have not made some effort to relieve the sufferings of their pets, although we need not expect assistance for the

white people. The distress in Louisiana has been caused for the most part by the inundation of lands along the Mississippi. Not less than 200,000 people in Louisiana have been deprived of employment by the breaking of the levees. Many fine plantations are totally ruined; when the waters of the Mississippi recede, these plantations will have been converted into swamps. The North might with profit administer to the wants of the South. It is plain that by the relief of Southern distress, Southern industry would be stimulated; and the stimulation of Southern industry would transfer from the North a great portion of the burden of taxation.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The work of art in jewellery on page 237, represents a magnificent necklace of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, also a cache-pot. On the same page is a group of Siamese articles, from the collection of curiosities sent from Siam.

POTTERY AT THE EXHIBITION.—Certainly our master potters deserve the highest praise. I think they rather feel that they have overtaken the French. They have a right to this boast so long as we confine our attention to private manufacturing firms. No private manufacturer can take precedence of the great houses to which Minton and Copeland have given their names. But there is the Imperial manufactory of Sèvres—the greatest in the world. No private firm can compete with it. For variety of work, for originality of design, for reach of art, for ambition of project, and for vastness of resources, it is quite unrivalled. Fame enough for any private maker to rank after such a magnificent establishment. Messrs. Minton and Copeland are our only exhibitors of porcelain, and they may well be proud of their position. It is pleasant to say of them that their work is free from the spirit of slavish imitation. They think for themselves and produce for themselves. They are not so inventive as Sèvres—that is to say, they have not in their porcelain struck out a new style, as Sèvres has in our time. But in following out the style prescribed by the nature of their materials they show great freedom, they abound in new combinations, and they show no tendency merely to copy old designs. There is no finer colouring in the Exhibition than that of Messrs. Minton and Co. Their royal blue, as indeed that also of Mr. Copeland, is scarcely equal to the old *bleu de roi* of Sèvres; but it is better than anything of the kind now produced elsewhere. Not only that, but the figure painting and flower painting of Messrs. Minton are really admirable, and show advancing strength. They exhibit two great vases of royal blue, in which the figure and landscape painting surpass anything of the kind which I have seen on any English porcelain. How shall I attempt to speak of all their cups and plates and vases, jugs and lamps and candlesticks? There is scarcely one of these which is not a gem of art, and so beautiful that one's first thought about it must be to keep it in a cabinet and never use it. Mr. Goode, who is the London agent of Messrs. Minton, has a case in which he exhibits a dessert service that has been made for the Duchess of Hamilton. It is perfect of its kind, and has the great charm of all Messrs. Minton's work, that it is not overloaded with colour.—*The Standard*.

About nine o'clock on Tuesday the dead body of a new-born child was found in the first-class waiting room at Victoria Station, London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The body, which was that of a full-grown and healthy child, showed signs of having met its death by violence, the neck bearing marks which left little doubt that it had been strangled. No linen, or anything by which it might be identified was found with the child, it being simply wrapped up in brown paper. It was conveyed to St. George's Hospital, and meanwhile the police are making inquiries with a view of ascertaining the perpetrator of the deed.

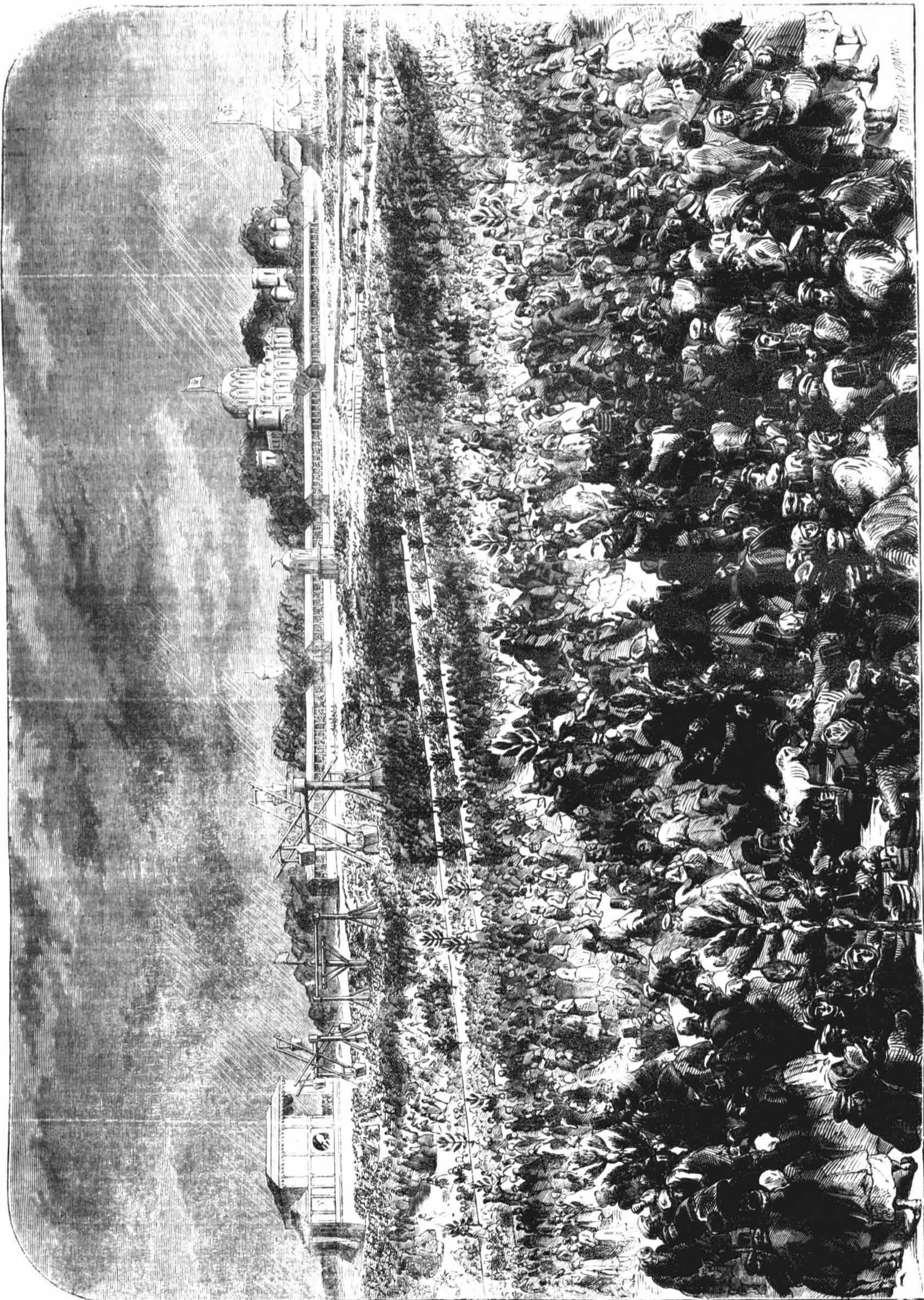
On Saturday evening considerable excitement was occasioned at Deptford in consequence of a rumour that a child had been murdered by its mother, and which unfortunately turned out to be too true. Residing at 436, New-cross-road was a family named Bell, in well-to-do circumstances, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, a daughter about twenty years of age, and a son, the victim of the present tragedy, aged nine and a half years. There had been other children of the family, who had died, and their death appear to have had a great effect on the mind of the mother, who has for some time past been observed to be in a desponding state. On Saturday she was noticed looking about the house, and was heard to say, "I cannot find a knife enough," but no notice was taken of this observation. Later in the day she went into the kitchen, where her son was alone, and taking hold of him cut his throat with a table knife in a fitful manner, nearly severing the head from the body. All was of no avail. The wretched woman was at once taken into custody.

DISEASE AMONGST GROUSE.—The *Scotsman* reports the extensive prevalence of disease amongst grouse on the western slopes of the Ochils, on the Grampians, and the Strathallan Moors. The birds on the moors between Crieff and Lochearnhead are also suffering, as well as those of other districts. Owing to the unseasonable state of the weather for sitting, small and live birds must be the result, although it is not expected there will be any marked deficiency as to numbers.

THE STRIKE OF ENGINE-DRIVERS ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—On Monday, at the Darlington Police court, the adjourned case against eight of the engine-drivers who struck on the 10th of April last, came on for hearing. The railway company, contrary to the practice pursued in the earlier stages of the strike, do not appear to wish to press the cases to obtain a criminal conviction. The solicitor for the prosecution (Mr. Richardson, of York) stated that if the men pleaded guilty the company would not ask for anything more than the forfeiture of their wages, which they had lost all claim to by breaking their contract. The men then each pleaded guilty, and the magistrates ordered the forfeiture of their wages, which in all but two cases averaged £5, over £6 being due in some cases. The decision will govern the case of all the men in the Darlington district. The men who were now summoned were the first to strike, and in response to the call of whom the men on the other parts of the line also turned out. It was stated on the part of the company that they would not receive any of them back. All the working arrangements of the line are now perfect, but two or three passenger trains are still kept off.

TO SURGEONS AND CHEMISTS.—Complete set of Drawers, Lockers, Counter Shelves, Bottles, Etc., Moulds, Weights and Weighs Side Counter, Molding Cupboard, Glass Upright and Counter Case, &c. Suitable for a Surgery or a small shop. Only £25. Apply to W. G. FAULKNER, Junr., 40, Endell-street.

STEAM ENGINE.—The power of the day—61, 1s. 6d. 24, each, or £10. £1000 per year. The power of six stamps exist. For sale, a Vertical Steam Engine, with sole valve wheel 17 in. diameter, pulley wheel 6 in. diameter, cylinder 3 in. high, 3 in. diameter, in good working order, only £2. A three-cell Tungsten Wire Lamp, with reflector and clock-work arrangement, only 5s. A ten-cell Platinum Battery, only £2.—W. G. Faulkner, 40, Endell-street.



REBELLIONS AT MOSCOW ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

IMPERIAL VISIT TO MOSCOW.

AT the time of the marriage of the heir to the throne, in October last, it was generally believed that he would present his bride to the Muscovites immediately after the wedding festivities in St. Petersburg; but the visit was postponed till Easter, and it was not till the middle of the week before last that his Imperial Highness, his young bride, and his brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, accompanied the Emperor to the ancient capital. On Thursday, soon after midnight, they reached Petroffsky Palace, in the outskirts of Moscow. As it was known that the Emperor would make his public entry into the city with the Cesarevitch and Cesarevna on the following morning, the whole town was on foot from an early hour, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, and every available space between Petroffsky Palace and the Kremlin was occupied by crowds of spectators anxious to get a glimpse of the procession. At ten o'clock the Emperor reached the triumphal arch at the entrance of the town, where his suite was waiting for him; and on the arrival of the Cesarevna, who, accompanied by the marshal of her court and a lady of honour, drove up shortly afterwards in an open carriage drawn by six horses, the procession began to move. The Princess was preceded by a squadron of cavalry, and followed by the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Imperial suite, all on horseback; the Emperor and the Cesarevitch riding, the former to the right and the latter to the left of the future Empress. Along the whole of the line the windows and balconies, decorated with carpets, coloured cloth, and garlands of flowers, were filled with well-dressed people; seats were erected at convenient places for those who could pay to see the procession at their ease; while the roofs of the houses offered more precarious accommodation to many humbler, but not less loyal, spectators. The approach of the *cortege* was announced by the cheers of the bystanders, which were continued during the whole of the line in the most enthusiastic manner. Entering the Kremlin by the Gate of the Redeemer, the Imperial party halted at the railing which surrounds the cathedrals of the ancient citadel, where the functionaries of the first and second classes, and other persons of distinction inhabiting Moscow—ladies as well as gentlemen—were waiting to receive them, and after stopping for a short time in the cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and the Assumption, the Emperor and their Imperial Highnesses ascended the red staircase. This was the most interesting moment of the whole ceremony. At the top of the staircase, which is only used on important occasions, stood the Emperor with the Cesarevna and the Heir Apparent, receiving the customary offering of bread and salt from the civic deputation, headed by the mayor of the town; and below an immense mass of people assembled to welcome their adored sovereign, who prides himself on being a native of Moscow. When the Emperor, the Cesarevitch, and the lovely Princess, turned to salute the Muscovites from the top of the staircase, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and their joyful cheers were heard above the music of the military bands, the roar of the artillery, and the ringing of all the bells of the Kremlin. The state rooms of the palace were filled with the representatives of the various classes of society who had come to offer their homage, the nobility, functionaries of all degrees, senators, military officers of every rank, and deputies from the merchants, tradesmen, and artisans of the chief town of the neighbouring governments. After passing through the halls where the company had assembled, the Imperial party retired to their private apartments. In the evening the streets were again filled with people, who crowded out to see the illuminations. At ten o'clock the Emperor, with his two sons and his daughter-in-law, left the Kremlin in an open carriage, and, preceded by the Governor-General and followed by a brilliant suite on horseback, drove through the principal streets. Preparations had been made for

an illumination on a grand scale, the new gas company had done wonders; and if the weather had been propitious, their various designs would have equalled, if not surpassed, any former efforts of similar kind; but unfortunately a high wind was blowing from the west during the whole evening, and it was only in some sheltered places that either lamps or gas could be made to burn at all. But Bengal fire lighted up the passage for the Imperial visitors, and after driving through all the great thoroughfares, they returned to the palace in the Kremlin.

As a lasting memorial of the Imperial visit, the people of Moscow have subscribed liberally for educational and charitable purposes. Amongst other acts of munificence they have founded thirty free scholarships in two of the public schools, and have added a hundred beds to an asylum for the aged poor.

The 4th (16th) of April, the anniversary of the Emperor's miraculous escape from assassination, has been celebrated all over the empire. Persons of all classes, and of all shades of religious faith, have shared in these rejoicings: the churches, mosques, and synagogues were thronged, and in many towns prayers were offered up in the public places. A religious procession usually formed part of the ceremony, and this was generally followed by a banquet and an illumination in the evening. In many places alms were distributed to the poor, and in one town a school was established in commemoration of the event.

SEVERE THUNDER-STORMS.

A TERRIFIC thunder-storm, accompanied by one of the heaviest falls of hail and rain known for years passed over Cambridge and the vicinity on Friday. The lightning was very vivid, and many of the by-roads were rendered impassable by the overflow of water. At Barrington, a labourer, named Patman, was struck by the lightning, and died instantly. He was in a field ploughing, with his master's son and four labourers, and when the storm came on, about one o'clock, they all took shelter under an adjacent straw-stack. One flash of lightning rendered them all insensible, and the deceased, with two or three others, fell to the ground. The others, upon reviving, went to their companion, Patman, and found him lifeless, and his shoes, leggings, and hat were torn to atoms. A boy at work in the same field had the upper portion of one of his shoes cut clean out by the lightning, and a piece of flesh torn from under his great toe.

On Friday a severe hail storm passed over the town of St. Ives, Hunts. A great number of houses in the town had their windows smashed, one having sixteen squares broken. The raining of the large hailstones lasted near four minutes. In about five minutes the River Ouse rose one foot.

A storm of hail and rain passed over Buckinghamshire on Friday evening, such as has not been witnessed for many years. The damage to property has been immense. The goods station at Winslow was partly unroofed by the wind, and eighty-six panes of glass were broken by the hailstones, some of which when measured by the county police, were at least five inches in circumference. Similar damage was done at the Swanbourne and Claydon stations; and nearly all the garden property in the neighbourhood was destroyed. Nearly every pane of glass in Addington Manor House—the residence of Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.—was broken. A fine old oak tree, at Dinton, was struck by lightning and cut asunder. The storm extended to Aylesbury, where it was very destructive, blowing down trees and walls, and flooding the streets, as well as damaging agricultural produce to a very great extent. But it was in the vicinity of Buckingham that the storm appeared to be most violent. The appearance of the houses in High-street and Castle-street is described as "unexampled," for not only were the window panes broken, but the whole of the

glass was literally cut out of the frames. The effects on vegetation have been most disastrous, and the fruit trees are completely stripped of their leaves and blossoms. There is not a single greenhouse, garden frame, or similar contrivance, that has not been completely smashed to pieces. Thousands of panes of glass will require replacing, and the strength of the glazing trade will be severely tested for some time to come to repair the damage. It is impossible to enumerate the special sufferers, as all the inhabitants of the district have shared more or less in the calamity. The storm was especially destructive to the crops at Winslow, Stowe, and Akeley. Oxfordshire does not appear to have experienced the storm in any great degree, as at Chilton, Thame, &c., there was scarcely any rain; but at Bedford, and in the vicinity of that town, a considerable amount of damage was done. During the thunder-storm at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Friday afternoon, West House, near St. Peter's, was struck by lightning. The electric fluid entered by a window on the south-west side, and went through every room, except the kitchen, finding its way out below one of the windows on the ground floor, where it made a hole in the stone wall about a foot square. Mr. Cook's grand-daughter, a girl 13 years old, was the only person in the upper part of the house at the time, and she was struck and had her collar-bone broken. A wherryman, who was on the river at the time, states that he saw a "ball of fire" come out of Mr. Cook's house, roll down to the river and spread along the surface of the Tyne. The damage done in and to the house is considerable. In several places the walls are cracked, and the furniture in almost every room has been injured. A French bedstead was doubled completely up. The same house was struck by lightning about 22 years since.

REFORM DEPUTATION TO MR. GLADSTONE.

On Saturday afternoon a deputation of the National Reform Union waited upon the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, at his residence, to give an assurance of their unabated confidence in him. The deputation consisted of delegates from the various branches of the National Reform Union, and numbered over 200. Having at a preliminary meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel decided upon the order of addresses to be observed at Mr. Gladstone's house, they proceeded there. Headed by the veteran Liberal, Mr. George Wilson, they piled addresses into Mr. Gladstone's hands, all couched in the same tone. In their speeches they declared their firm resolution to begin afresh their agitation for Reform, directing it now against the fraudulent bill of the Government. Mr. Gladstone sat at some length in a thoroughly hearty and hopeful tone. While fully recognizing the disheartening result of the last division, he stated his determination to lose no opportunity which the forms of the House of Commons afforded him of endeavouring to remove the injustice which the bill in its present shape would enact. He had not much hope of success in the House of Commons, but the country must take the matter up. Speaking of the £5 rating franchise, he said, so far as he was concerned, the proposal was gone; nor did he see the circumstances under which it was to be revived. He should, however, take counsel with honest men, and be guided by what in his conscience he believed to be for the good of the country. Speaking of household suffrage, he said that there are not fifty members of the House of Commons honestly in favour of it. Mr. Bright, in answer to cries made for him, spoke very briefly, urging that meetings should be held everywhere, and petitions poured in against the Reform Bill unceasingly.

On the 20th inst. the first stone of the Hall of Arts and Sciences, at South Kensington, will be laid by the Queen.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.			
ANNIVERSARIES			
D'DAY.	H. W. L. B.	A.M.	P.M.
19. S. 4th Sunday after Easter	2 30	2 47
20. M.	...	3 5	3 23
21. T. Miss Elizeworth died, 1849	3 39	3 56
22. W. Battle of St Albans, 1455	4 12	4 28
23. TH. Sir John Franklin sailed, 1845	4 46	5 3
24. F. Queen Victoria born, 1819	5 22	5 49
25. S. Princess Helena born, 1846	6 1	6 21
Moon's changes.....	Last Quarter, 25th day, 5h. 28m. a.m.		

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

MEDICAL GALVANISM is now recognised as one of the most useful adjuncts to the science of Medicine, and is becoming more used by the medical profession than any other new invention for the relief or cure of disease, especially as in most cases it obviates the use of medicines. As it is impossible to answer the numerous correspondents who have inquired respecting the proper apparatus to be used and the diseases for which Medical Galvanism is most useful, we have great pleasure in mentioning Mr. Faulkner, Surgeon, Medical Galvanist, of 49, Linfield-street, Bloomsbury, and 42, Roseberry-villas, as one who will give any information on the subject. He also, has a large number of Medical Galvanic Apparatus by various makers for sale at moderate prices.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Notes on Current Topics.

LORD DERBY'S remarks in the House of Lords on Monday night are probably the last that we shall hear for some time to come on the Luxembourg question. The conditions of the treaty are declared to be similar to what they have already been understood to be: Prussia evacuates the fortress; she consents to its being demolished; and the whole of the Grand Duchy is neutralised under a collective guarantee of the great Powers. Lord Derby gives us to understand that this guarantee is dependent for its efficacy on the concurrence of all the parties to it—in other words, all that is wanting, in order to abolish our liability in respect of it, is for some other parties to the contract to repudiate it; and then there is an end of our liability altogether. At this rate, one is led to ask where the virtue of the guarantee rests; for surely, a treaty without a guarantee would be of equal force. The manner in which we dealt with the Danish Treaty of 1851 no doubt lends some force to this view of the question, although in that case there was no formal guarantee entered into. But it is well to have it plainly stated from the lips of a prime minister at the time what the guarantee we have given really amounts to, which seems to be very like nothing at all.

We are glad to notice that the efforts which are being made to bring a visit to the great Exhibition in Paris within the means of the working men of England, are receiving an encouraging degree of public support. We learn, from the report of a meeting held at the Whittington Club, that already many of the practical arrangements have been completed. Mr. Hodgson Pratt announced that he had seen the Emperor and the French Commission appointed to look after the French workmen, the result of which interviews was that a large and comfortable building has been placed at the service of the committee, for the use of the excursionists, on the condition that 200 per week are carried over. Mr. Cook has undertaken to pass the first batch the first week in June, at a cost, including railway fare there and back, with lodging for the week, of only 30s. per head. A guide and interpreter is also provided. The large industrial establishments of Paris are to be thrown open to English workmen, free of charge. It is calculated that the English workman can spend a week in Paris at a total outlay of not more than £3; and this is a sum of which we may be assured thousands will gratefully avail themelves.

THERE is a report abroad that it is the intention of the Duke of Edinburgh, within a short period, to pay a visit to India, in his capacity of commander of H.M.S. *Golfe*; and the rumour has excited the utmost gratification through all the provinces of our great empire in the East. Indeed, it has had the effect of reviving an old discussion as to the propriety and probability of a prince of British blood being placed upon the Indian throne. The *Bombay Gazette* says that the projected visit alluded to will have a very beneficial effect. "The great fuss," remarks that journal, "that is made by the natives about Queen Victoria is not so much homage paid to the sovereign of England itself as to the unknown power which they have discovered by experience can alone check and diminish the absolute rule of the administrative government of this country, and which, therefore, they have learned to regard as a useful court of appeal. The policy of a prince of the royal house paying an occasional visit to India is much to be commended."

It is satisfactory to find that the question of providing funds for the reception and entertainment of the Belgian volunteers, on the occasion of their visit to this country, has at length been taken up in earnest, and the result promises to be eminently satisfactory. How the deceased historian of Snobs will grin when, in the Elysian Fields, he hears the news that this alteration in the state of affairs emanates entirely from the fact that a royal prince has become the patron of the proceedings, which henceforward bear the fashionable impress. At the same time, it is but right to acknowledge that Colonel Lindsay, Lord Bury, and Sir B. Phillips, who were heroes in Brussels last autumn, have all contributed handsomely to the return fêtes. It will not be difficult to amuse our guests as has been anticipated. The *Brussels Belges* are by no means so cynical as Frenchmen, and are much simpler in their tastes. They are more of the country countrymen, to whom we offer the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, the top of the Monument and the wax-work show at Madame Tussaud's, as choice specimens of our London amusements. The few Belgians who came over last year returned enormously delighted at the spirit of hospitality which had shown itself in the *camaraderie* of the camp, and the unlimited "restauration" of a liquid kind which was perpetually proffered and invariably accepted. Let us do our best to give our visitors a pleasant time, and we may be certain we shall succeed.

A RECENT telegram from Bombay states that little hope of Livingstone's safety is now entertained at Zanzibar; but it gives us no fresh reasons for that despondency, since it is a mere platitude to remind us that "one of the most savage tribes in Africa was known to be on his route." We are glad, at any rate, whatever may be the state of opinion at Zanzibar, that the preparations for the expedition in search of the great traveller are making rapid progress. Mr. E. D. Young, who served with Livingstone on the Zambezi in the *Pioneer*, has selected his companions, three in number, all well acclimated. Mr. Reed, the Ch. of Constructor of the Navy, has himself designed a portable steel vessel for their use; the drawings, plans, and models were completed at Chatham Dockyard on Friday; and she will be put together with all possible despatch. The steel and charcoal-iron plates of which she is built would go far to satisfy the eyes of a boating man by their tenacity, being just one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; and, as the heaviest sections do not weigh more than forty pounds, the overland transit will not be matter of any difficulty. Already, it will be seen, the expedition has had one good result, in showing us how light a craft can be built of the strongest material for exploring service, just as we gradually learnt from the experiments of Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Captain Sherard O'born, and other officers engaged in the search for Franklin, how to supersede the old burdensome and cumbersome process of sleighing by new sleighs that would "go anywhere and do anything." The boat is expected to be ready by the end of the month, and Mr. Young and his companions will in that case leave England on the 10th of June. The best wishes of all that is manly in Great Britain will go with them.

A Swiss gentleman, speaking no English, went to visit a sister-in-law residing at Bicester, in April last. On his return to London he had to change trains at Bletchley, and being somewhat perplexed as to the carriage into which he was to transfer himself, was politely assisted by four other gentlemen, who entered the train with him. As soon as it started his new friends proposed a game at cards, and on his declining to play, seized him, robbed him, and were proceeding to further violence, when he contrived to open the carriage door and jump out, whilst the train was at speed. He then found his way back to Bletchley, from whence he was passed on by the station-master to London. This romance of the rail ad is communicated to the *Times* by "F. L. S.," as an additional argument for insisting upon communication being immediately established between passengers and guards.

MR. McLAREN, the Radical member for Edinburgh, has written a letter to explain how he came to vote with the Government on the Reform Bill last week, after voting against them on all occasions previously. The hon. member explains at some length what we understand in England by compound householders, (there are none in Scotland), and goes on to say that when the Government determined to allow the compounder, on claiming to be rated, to deduct from his landlord the full amount which he paid, he (Mr. McLaren) came to the conclusion that any working man might now, by taking a little trouble, get the franchise. He therefore thought it his duty, remembering that he had promised to deal with the bill on its merits, to support it. He adds: "My own conviction is very strong, that, if anything should occur to throw out the present bill, the Conservative party will exercise such powers of obstruction as they undoubtedly possess in both Houses of Parliament to defeat any bill introduced by a Liberal Government which might be thought better than the one now before Parliament, for several years, and thus indefinitely delay the cause of Reform." Moreover, Mr. McLaren says he has not been unfluenced by the prospect of a liberal measure of Reform for Scotland.

The *Telegraph* warns the working men that it is not by intimidation that their cause will prosper in the present state of society. They must seek their own welfare by less ignoble and degrading measures; and the dawning statesmanship of the great class who live by manual labour, has already suggested a wiser and more fruitful course of action. The history of trade, especially during the last half-century, indicates the true path of progress. The workmen are now imitating their employers, and striving with all their might to put themselves on the same level. What they require most is information touching the real causes that regulate the rise and fall of wages, the growth and decay of great branches of industry. When they lay down the law that man ought to have a certain amount of wages, they approach the question from a wrong point of view. The idea of "justice" in this sense is altogether misleading. The true method is to master the facts of the case; having done so, the artisan can enter on a discussion with the same advantages as his employer. At one time the Unionists were blind to that fact, but now, as their representatives before the Royal Commission have stated, they see the necessity of getting the most accurate information respecting the state of every trade. Even now, indeed, the artisans are in many cases too reckless, and they have still much to do before they can give completeness to their system of ascertaining what rate of wages they may hope to exact. They often forget also that a trade may be made extensive, and far more profitable to the workmen, by the joint exertions of all parties, based on equal, or nearly equal, information; and this end might be promoted more than it is now by councils of arbitration, by chambers of industry, or by the employment of any other machinery calculated to give every body of workmen, collectively or individually, the fullest details as to the prosperity of their trade. That is the true way of diminishing strikes and lock-outs alike; and its adoption may be advised as much in the interests of the masters as of the men; for all suffer in some proportion from the effects of the rude method of adjusting differences which has too long been in fashion throughout the world.

The construction of the new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House will occasion a large number of evictions in a district which, if not densely populated, at all events affords shelter to numerous families of the poorer classes. The hardship which will be entailed upon these unfortunate persons, and especially upon the small shopkeepers, was represented to Sir John Thwaites this morning by an influential deputation. Sir John listened with great attention and sympathy to the statements which were made, but pointed out that the Metropolitan Board of Works has no power to award compensation in such cases without the authority of Parliament. He intimated that if any means could be discovered by which the board might be legally justified in making compensation, the money for that purpose would be cheerfully voted. Those who have taken up the cause of the evicted poor are making their influence felt.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eighteenpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

London by Night.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Going up to-night, Frank?"

How quickly a man discovers the friendly outlines of a familiar face, even amidst the confusion and tumult of Charing-cross railway station! I had fancied myself unrecognized, as I leaned against the arched brick doorway, nearly shrouded in shadow, watching the hurried, anxious faces that came and went under the flickering gas-lights; yet here was Carew's hand on my shoulder, and Carew's genial countenance looking into mine. We had been close friends and allies two years ago, when he had been conductor and I was engineer on the same train. Tempted by a more liberal offer, I had left my post on the "Lady Franklin," and undertaken the supervision of a large machine shop; yet I still retained a pleasant recollection of my railway days, and to-night, as I stood on the old familiar ground, with the well-known sights and sounds around me, and the "Lady" gliding out of her place of shelter with burnished sides and flaming headlight, I almost wished myself back again in my old post.

"Yes, I thought I should. How's the old Lady? Holds her own pretty well?"

"Better than the new ones a deal!" said the conductor, enthusiastically viewing the fiery-throated monster as she puffed and groaned, ran backward a few steps, and then darted forward, in a manner entirely enigmatical to any but our initiated selves.

"She looks as trim as a city belle."

"Yes; MacLeod keeps her well up. I say, Frank, MacLeod's wife is going through to-night."

I knew he was looking closely at me, scrutinizing my countenance; but I managed with an effort to say, quite carelessly and unceremoniously: "Is she?"

Carew had known all about the one disastrous love affair of my youth; he knew perfectly well that pretty Isabel Martin had suddenly turned round and married John MacLeod, had after encouraging my suit for nearly a year; and he knew also how sensitive I still was on the subject. I had not blamed Isabel so much as some might have been disposed to do; she was very young, and entirely under the influence of her father, with whom MacLeod was a great favourite. But none the less I had received a great and enduring shock.

"Poor little Isabel," said Carew, as he reached up to turn down a long jet of gas that threatened to crack its glass globe, "I rather think she has got pretty well sick of MacLeod by this time. Why? Does he ill-treat her?"

"Well, I don't suppose he either locks her up on bread and water, or beats her; but I do suppose that in every other particular in which a man can neglect or ill-treat a woman she is neglected and ill-treated."

"The old brute!" I muttered, between my teeth.

"Well—I shall see you again," said Carew, vanishing into the crowd with a sinuous ease and swiftness peculiar, I believe, to the race of conductors.

It was a tempestuous night in March—the wind howling and shrieking like an infuriated demon, and the rain beating a stormy fugue on the débâcle-roof, as I advanced to help a woman in who carried a heavy basket.

"Excuse me, madam, but that is too heavy for you to lift."

She looked up to thank me, but the words died on her lips as her eyes met mine. It was Isabel MacLeod, the lost love whom I still cherished in my heart of hearts, and the wife of the engineer on the Dover express. I was the first to recover my composure—for this, be it remembered, was the first time we had met since her marriage, more than three years before.

"Here is a vacant seat, Isabel: do you wish to sit so near the stove?"

"It makes no difference," said Isabel, hurriedly, "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Atwater."

"How does it happen that you are going through such a stormy night?" I asked, unmindful of her evident anxiety to be left alone.

"I do not know myself, except that John wishes it."

Still I lingered. "Is there anything more I can do for you, Isabel?"

There was no answer. I stooped my head a little lower.

"Isabel, you are crying! What has grieved you? Isabel, tell me what the trouble is."

"Nothing—nothing," she sobbed behind her veil. "Only—I had not seen you in so long a time, and it was like the old days once more; and—and I am very foolish. Please leave me now, won't you?"

I obeyed her, puzzled and indignant. Carew was right. A happy wife does not burst out crying when she meets the friends of her girlhood; a happy wife's look is far, far different from that pale, frightened face. I felt strongly inclined to go straight out to John MacLeod's post on the "Lady Franklin," and administer a summary thrashing then and there.

But I checked my rising choler, as the train was now under full motion. It was very pleasant to find myself once again on the old familiar ground, when we stopped for the first time. The brakeman all had a word of respectful greeting for me. The express guard issued from his den and demanded to know "where I had been larking all this time;" and even the news-boys grinned as they slid past, and accosted me with "How d'ye do, Mr. Atwater?"

We got into motion again, and sped along gaily. I leant against the tender and fell asleep.

But all at once our train slackened its motion, moved more slowly still, and came to a dead standstill. I knew we were an express that stopped but twice before we reached our final destination, and this lonely pine-barren was certainly neither of our stopping-places.

"What is it, Carew?" I asked, swinging myself on to the ground where the fireman stood with his lantern in hand, looking under a car.

"Only a box heated. Confound that Warren! what made him report 'all right' with such a worn box as that? These patent boxes are continually getting hot in the shortest runs, and ain't fit for expresses at all."

"We can cool it in fifteen minutes," said one of the guards who had his tow and water all ready for packing it anew.

"Fifteen minutes! and the Hastings express to catch us at B—?"

"It's too bad to get in behind the Hastings train," I said.

"Worse for me than MacLeod, for though Warren's to blame, I catch the curses. Well, Truefit, do the best you can."

In spite of Truefit's sanguine prophecy, it was full twenty-five minutes before we were again under way. I had gone back to Isabel MacLeod, whose dilated blue eyes were glancing from one

to another, in the apprehensive agony of terror, that no one but a nervous woman can fully appreciate.

"Frank—Mr. Atwater! do tell me what is the matter?"

"Only a 'hot box'—there is no occasion for uneasiness."

"Upon your sacred honour?"

"Upon my sacred honour. Why, Isabel, how frightened you are! I can see you tremble even here. What is the matter, child?"

"If you have a moment to spare, I will tell you," she said, hurriedly. "I know it is a piece of mad folly—a delusion; but I must tell somebody, or I shall go mad!"

I leant forward with my elbows on the window of the carriage.

"Well, then," she went on, speaking in a husky, nervous whisper, "he is very peculiar—full of the strangest fancies. When I first married him I thought it was superstition merely—now—"

She paused.

"Well—now?" I questioned.

"Now, I do not know what to think. Oh, Mr. Atwater, I ought not to say so, I know, but I am the most miserable creature in the world!"

"Isabel!"

"I am. He threatens sometimes to shut me up in a mad-house, and perhaps I should be happier there than subject to his whims and cruelties. Why do you suppose he brought me here to-night?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"He told me," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together as she spoke, "that we were coming to our death to-night, and we must come together! Oh, Frank, what do you suppose he means?"

"Only to terrify you," I said, soothingly. "He is a bundle of old Scotch superstitions, and always was."

"And, Frank, once when I thought I heard footsteps close behind us, and turned my head to see, he jerked my arm and told me not to look—that—oh, Frank, it makes my blood run cold now—that it was Death walking at our side!"

"But, Isabel, surely you will not allow yourself to be influenced by such folly as this?"

"I told you it was folly," she answered, dejectedly; "but—"

A hand was laid on my arm at this moment—the hand of Carew, the conductor.

"Frank, look here, I want to speak to you," he said, hurriedly. Come here on to the engine."

I followed him out into the stormy darkness of the March night, where his lantern gleamed like a sullen, shifting eye.

We got on the engine, where MacLeod was, and then I said:

"What is it? Any thing wrong?"

"Yes, and no. Of course you know we're nearly half an hour behind time, with not quite thirty minutes between us and the 'Hastings.'"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, that old fog MacLeod has turned crusty, and says if we don't run out on the side track at the next station, and wait for it to pass, he'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"Who wants him to be answerable?" I demanded, with considerate acerbity, not to say disdain.

"Well, he says it's a bad night, track slippery, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose it's all very true. But you know the 'Lady Franklin' of old. She'll keep the thirty minutes between us and the other, won't she?"

"I should say there was no kind of doubt as to that. Ain't you going to make up that lost time?"

"That's just the trouble. That crack-brained old Scotch fool wants to stop and lose another half-hour which we may just as well gain, and run on to B—in time, as to come trailing along behind them. But MacLeod refuses to run her, unless I consent to his conditions. Frank, why can't you take the old 'Lady' into B—?"

"I'll do it with all the pleasure in life."

Carew's face brightened at once.

"What a lucky thing it is you chanced to be on the train!" he said. "I should have been entirely at Mac's mercy if it hadn't been for you. Come on! there's no time to be lost."

I now turned my attention to MacLeod, who sat among his screws, and valves, and dials, like some magician of old surrounded by the abstruse implements of his art. How like home this tiny place appeared to me! It seemed almost as if the "Lady Franklin" shot more swiftly over the track as I stepped upon her. MacLeod inclined his head stiffly. He was a tall, spare Scotchman, with deep-set blue eyes, thatched with shaggy brows, and hair already thickly sprinkled with gray, though he could scarcely have been more than forty years old. His face was cold and repulsive, and his manner forbidding in the extreme degree. Moreover, he had a way, exceedingly unpleasant to the spectator, of continually looking over his shoulder, with a sort of spasmodic motion, as if he had suddenly seen or heard something close behind him. As I sat down beside him, he suddenly pointed to the place beyond.

"Sit there, if you please, Mr. Atwater."

I won't, but complied, and Carew spoke pleasantly:

"Well, MacLeod, shall we put on steam and drive her ahead?"

"No, Mr. Carew," said the Scotchman, coldly and firmly.

"Either we run on, as I have explained, or I leave the engine."

"But why are you so determined?" I asked.

"I don't conceive it my business to answer any of your questions, Francis Atwater," said MacLeod, "but I have no objection to gratify your curiosity. I am 'so determined' because I see farther than you, or Mr. Carew here, and I see danger—danger!"

"How, and where?"

"You a practical engineer, and ask where is the danger on such a night as this, with the express close behind, and we twenty-five minutes after our time? Boy, do you know that we are responsible, not only for Atwater and Carew, and John MacLeod, but for all the passengers in this train? Do you want the sin of murder on your soul?"

He spoke in a sharp voice that was almost a scream.

"That is not the question," said Carew, "and all nonsense besides. Isn't the light hung out behind, and can't you tell when we are gaining or losing time? Once for all, will you or will you not do your best to gain time and keep ahead of the Hastings train?"

"No, I will not," he answered, sullenly.

"Very well, here is a substitute that will. Make room for Mr. Atwater."

"He can do as he pleases," said MacLeod, stiffly, rising to yield me his place. I was my hands of the whole thing, now and hereafter. Bear witness, Carew and Atwater, that I protest against this rash and foolhardy thing!"

Not a word more did he utter, but sat down silent and rigid as a galvanized corpse, watching me with his deep-set eyes until the

very consciousness of that steady surveillance made me uncomfortable—uncomfortable, but not nervous: I never, in the whole course of my life, was more entirely in possession of all my faculties, or more composed, than at that moment, as I mechanically examined screws and valves and satisfied myself as to the correctness of every detail. All was right; MacLeod was a good engineer, if not an agreeable companion.

"Now then, my 'Lady,'" I said to myself, "we'll see if you keep up all your old pluck."

I turned to give some directions to the fireman, and when I was about to sit down MacLeod seized my arm.

"Not there! I tell you not there!"

"And why not there?" I demanded, with a momentary fear crossing my mind that the man was deranged.

"Because another already occupies the place," he cried, in the shrill, shrieking voice he often used when much excited. "Death is a passenger on this train with us, and Death sits there ghastly and still! No, I know you don't see him; but second sight is a gift in the family I come from, and I see him. I would have warded off his fell errand, but you—you and that cursed Carew wouldn't let me. Now go your own mad, reckless way, and see where it will bring you; and remember, Frank Atwater, that it's not your own worthless life that hangs in the balance, but the lives of all who travel on this train."

Argument with a man in this excited frame of mind would have been but folly. I sat down without a word, smiling in spite of myself, and resumed my intent supervision of the engine, while MacLeod sat silently with folded arms.

Never did the "Lady Franklin" show finer mettle than on that night. The machinery was perfect, the cranks well oiled, the heat steady and intense. The fireman worked in concert with me, fully comprehending my intentions, and the "Lady" rushed over the rails like a living, breathing thing.

"How are you getting along, Frank?" asked Carew, coming forward with his lantern, as we left our first stopping-place.

"Oh, splendidly!" I answered.

"I have just telegraphed back to New Cross; we have gained five minutes on the Hastings train already."

"I thought we were gaining," I replied, quietly. But I was very much excited. The idea of pressing this magnificent piece of machinery to her utmost speed; of eluding the lightning pursuit of the express which followed—pursued us; of identifying my own nerves and sinews with the iron and steel of the "Lady Franklin," was exciting in itself, nor had MacLeod's wild talk been entirely without effect on me. I was not superstitious; but we all know the mesmeric effect which the strong belief of another person, however ill-founded that belief may be, invariably exerts upon the mind. That MacLeod firmly believed that he and I were not alone in this little glazed compartment, I entertained no doubt; and his horror reacted upon me, baseless though I knew it to be.

"I wish we were at our journey's end," I thought, leaning my elbows on the wood-work and gazing out into the stormy night, athwart which our huge headlight threw a streaming banner of lurid light as it rushed along. At that instant my shoulder was touched.

"Atwater," said MacLeod, in a husky, unnatural voice, "if you have any prayers to say, say them now. Death is very, very near to you!"

A cold chill ran through me.

"I am always prepared to meet death," I answered, trying to speak composedly.

"Death—yes; but not death by suicide. You will be a suicide, Francis Atwater; nor do I wish longer to interfere. The hour of grace is past."

"Oh, MacLeod! don't talk nonsense. Go on the tender and sleep the liquor off."

"Liquor! You think I'm drunk. You think I'm mad. You take me to be superstitious. I heard you—I heard you talking to her. You'd best keep clear of her, young man. You see this, eh?" and he drew a huge knife from his bosom.

"Yes, I see it," I answered, laying my hand on the brake, as if I could use it for defence.

"With this I could have silenced you long ago, and saved the victims you are sacrificing. But I prefer not. What is to be, is to be. As well might I endeavour to stem the ocean with a straw, as to check the tide of fate with my feeble hand! Only I would warn you to say a word or two of prayer before the fatal moment comes."

My heart seemed to stand still with deadly terror. Was I indeed shut up in this narrow spot with a maniac? Would I be murdered before I could call for help? But I remembered that in coolness and presence of mind lay my only chance of safety, and resolved to abide the result. We were now putting on brakes for our second stopping-place. MacLeod sprang out upon the platform as we stopped, and went into a bar-room adjoining the station. I went back and spoke to one of the brakemen, an athletic man, with thews and sinews of iron, and the stature of a giant.

"Jim," I said, in a low voice—his name was Jim Torrance—"I want you to keep your eye on MacLeod, and come on the locomotive with me. He talks and acts very strangely to-night, and he may attempt some violence."

"I saw him draw out that outlandish knife o' his, sir, a minute or two ago," said Jim, shrewdly. "I could easily jerk it away from him when we're movin' again."

"No, I do not wish you to use force of any kind, unless it is absolutely necessary. I think he is harmless; but it's just as well to keep a little watch over him."

"He's queer," said Jim. "I'll keep an eye on him."

Once more, after a few minutes' stop, the little signal-bell sounded "Go ahead!" the brakes moved noisily, and the wheels began to revolve. MacLeod had not returned to his place by my side, and I began heartily to hope that he designed to favour me with no more of his society. I was overjoyed to feel this, and, in much lighter spirits than usual, I let on the steam, and was soon going at a rapid rate. Three or four hundred yards from the depot the road ran through a deep cut, and just beyond it was a corresponding "fill" or embankment, about ten feet high. The engineers, that is the "surveyors," as we mechanical engineers insist, half-sneeringly, in calling them, had, with very bad taste, made a "compound curve" here, so that before entering the cut I could see nothing in it, and when I was in the cut I could see nothing beyond it. So, of course, we had to go through with whistle blowing, and usually at a slow gait. But feeling in good spirits at MacLeod's absence, the prospect of a good run, having the "Lady" in fine condition, with the trains we were to meet reported "all right" and the tract clear, I "let the dogs loose," opened valves, dashed through the cut, and—

Very, very nearly to eternity! Danger is said to be very fascinating; it is particularly so when you see it coming, have time to reflect upon it, and plan and execute a rescue, or what you hope to prove so. I saw it plainly this night, the rail half removed, the figure of the madman still bent at his hellish work. I saw him as he completed it, saw him shake his fist savagely at me, and jump aside to watch the slaughter he had plotted. I was not a second in sounding "down brakes," not an instant in reversing the engine, but nothing could have saved that train except the madman's "lack of method," or want of the skill of the despised surveyors. For want of this knowledge, perhaps for want of time, MacLeod had removed but one rail, and that the *inside* one of the curve. I knew if I could check the "Lady's" speed she would not leave the track as the outside rail is the one which guides the train on a curve, and this was impact. Jim Torrance had come on the locomotive with me, and I turned to tell him to jump for his life, when I saw him standing upright in the centre of the tender, grasping a huge block of wood, and his eyes gleaming like coals. It was no time to look after his safety. I saw him hurl the stick of wood at MacLeod as he ran down the embankment, and the next minute we struck the ground, and plunged into the brake.

My calculations had been correct. Jolting violently over several cross-ties, shattering "cowcatcher" and "headlight," smashing the baggage and first passenger car, throwing Jim Torrance with great violence from the tender on to the locomotive, leaving him senseless by the shock, and nearly throwing me out to the boiler, the "Lady" struck and stopped without leaving the track, except upon the side where MacLeod had removed the rail. We were disabled for the time, with nobody but Jim seriously injured.

Except MacLeod. Jim's aim had been too true, and the block of wood hurled with all his force, gaining additional velocity from that of the train, had struck MacLeod as he ran and felled him senseless—the fact is, as we soon found, dead. The billet had struck him and killed him. Jim Torrance was never tried for it on earth; poor fellow, he's gone since, and I don't much think they recorded any verdict against him in heaven.

After Jim was taken care of, the lanterns put out ahead and behind us to warn approaching trains, and the disabled train was gone through to see after the wounded, John MacLeod's corpse was taken up and carried back to the station which he had just left.

"Frank," said Carew, when matters were slightly settled again, "who is to tell this story to Mac's wife?"

"She does not suspect anything—that is, she don't know it occurred."

"She knows there has been an accident, but she doesn't know that Mac was thrown out of the locomotive, and is the only one killed."

Good! Even Carew did not suspect how MacLeod had been felled by Torrance's blow and killed.

"I will tell her," I said, determined that she should never know his crime, nor learn how he had been terribly and suddenly punished.

Her grief was terrible to witness. She lay on my shoulder, and sobbed half the night away; but it was less from love of the man, who had always been cruel to her, than from her woman's nervousness. At the inquest next day, when she identified his body, and told the story of his misanthropy and superstition to the jury, she was more collected, and surprised me by her calmness. The jury thought its courage in the matter plain sailing—no suspicion of the man's crime arose. Torrance and myself were not examined; we kept our secret to ourselves, and the jury brought in its verdict of "Death by accident." They knew nothing of his chief incentive to the crime—the chief cause of his death—jealousy.

I have told the story of my midnight trip on the "Lady Franklin." Is it necessary to tell any more? Sudden transitions from death-scenes to marriage ceremonies are always as offensive in the telling as in the hearing; and therefore I think it useless, as well as in bad taste, to waste further words in saying that just one year and a half after the fatal accident I took Isabel home as my wife, and that ever since, by God's help, I've made her a happy wife, and repaired the wrongs of her youth, by being a good and kind husband to her.

THE GARDEN.

OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.—Dull weather is the best for bedding-out, and if it can be done just before rain, much labour of watering will be saved. But when the ground is absolutely wet, bedding cannot be done properly, and had best be deferred a few days. When the plants are counted off and sorted for their places, let them go nearly dry; they will then turn out better than if the balls are wet. Plants that have not quite yet filled their pots with roots, turn out in complete balls, remove the crocks, and close in without breaking the balls; but those that are absolutely pot-bound must have the ball slightly loosened, to enable the roots to push out easily into the free soil. Plants brought in from nurseries should be put in a cold frame for a week before planting them, and the last day or two keep them wholly uncovered, to get quite hard for planting. If there are no frames to spare, let them lie about for a few days anywhere moderately sheltered. If these precautions are neglected, the result will be a crop of yellow leaves, and the deferring perhaps a fortnight of the season of full bloom; so a proper amount of care and a little reasonable delay will be a gain in the end. In planting, put out *calceolarias*, *antirrhinums*, *penstemons*, *stocks*, and other of the hardiest kinds first. *Geraniums*, *verbenas*, *petunias*, and other soft-wooded plants from spring cuttings, will be the better for bedding if they have a little more care under glass. There is nothing gained by turning them out before they are strong enough for the purpose. Strong plants of all kinds, except *lantanas* and tropical foliage plants, may be put out now with perfect safety.

THE GREAT HALL, LINCOLN'S INN.

WHEN entered at its upper end from the vestibule, in which direction the great south window comes in view, the great hall of Lincoln's Inn has a most imposing effect. It is incontestably the finest apartment of the kind in the metropolis, after Westminster Hall. The most striking effect, as to colour, is that which arises from the display of it in the windows, whose upper halves above their transoms are entirely filled in with heraldic embossed devices and devices, in such manner as to produce not only brilliancy, but soberness also. The front gallery, over the screen at the lower end, is divided into five open arches, the piers between which are occupied by statues. Over the northern entrance is the celebrated work, removed from the old hall, of "Paul preaching before Felix," by Hogarth. (See illustration on our front page).

The treaty respecting Luxembourg has been signed at the London Conference, and is to be ratified at the latest in four weeks. The Prussians will then withdraw their forces and evacuate the fortress, after having removed their stores and war material. Luxembourg will remain in the Zollverein.



THE MORMON SETTLEMENT.—VIEW OF UTAH, ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF UTAH, SALT LAKE.

Since the arrival of a son of Brigham Young in this country, and other Mormon elders, the city of Utah has been continually mentioned at the many congregations and meetings recently addressed by these delegates. We, therefore, take the opportunity of giving a large engraving of the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake, the territory of Utah.

The territory of Utah, or "Deseret" of the Mormon community, occupies the great interior basin lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. This basin is some 500 miles diameter either way, between 4,000 and 5,000 ft. above the sea-level, shut in all around by mountains, with its own system of lakes and rivers, and having no connection whatever with the sea. Partly arid, and thinly inhabited, its general character is that of a desert, but with considerable exceptions. Mountain is the predominating structure of the interior of the basin, with plains between—the mountains wooded and watered, the plains arid and sterile.

The Great Salt Lake and the Utah Lake are situated in the eastern part of the territory, and constitute its most interesting feature; the one is a saturated solution of common salt, and the other a fresh-water lake. Lake Utah is about 100 ft. above the level of the Salt Lake, which is itself 4,200 ft. above the sea-level, the two being connected by a river to which the name of the Jordan has been given, and which is about forty miles in length. These lakes drain an area of 12,000 square miles. Utah Lake is about 30 miles long, and remarkable for the numerous and bold streams which it receives from the mountains on the south-east. It abounds with trout and other fish, which constitute the food of the Indians during the fishing season. The Great Salt Lake has a very irregular outline, and is about seventy-five miles in length. The shores of the lake in the dry season are whitened with incrustations of salt, and everything within reach is covered with crystallizations. No fish or other animal life is found in it.

The climate of the Great Basin does not present the rigorous winter due to its elevation and mountain structure. The temperature is little below that incident to the latitude, and the warm summer is scarcely expended before the beginning of November. In the valleys a mild temperature prevails throughout the year, and two crops are not unfrequently housed during the summer. In fact, there is nothing in the climate of this great interior region, elevated as it is, and surrounded and traversed by snowy mountains, to prevent civilised man from making it his home, and

finding, in the portions that are suitable for agriculture, the means of a comfortable subsistence. The flourishing condition of the Mormon community is sufficient proof of this.

Previously to the war between the United States and Mexico, (1846-8) the Utah territory had seldom been visited by white men. The expulsion of the Mormons from their settlement of Nauvoo, in Illinois, by mob violence, led that strange community to migrate to the borders of the Great Salt Lake, which they only reached after a prolonged journey over intervening mountains and deserts, and amidst privations and suffering such as probably the strong impulse of fanatic zeal could alone have enabled them to overcome. Within four years after the Mormons—here the pioneers of civilization—had settled in the country, their numbers had increased to 12,000, and have been vastly increased during the period that has since elapsed. Their first act was to organise for themselves a government, to which they gave the name of the State of Deseret; in 1850, by an act of the General Congress of the United States, this became one of the organised territorial governments of the Union, under the name of Utah.

The metropolis of the Mormon community is Great Salt Lake City, situated to the south-east of the lake from which it takes its name, and on the banks of the river Jordan, which issues from the Utah Lake. Great Salt Lake City is at an elevation of 4,300 ft. above the sea. It lies upon the great line of overland communication between the Atlantic States and the gold-producing region of California, and has hence been the temporary place of sojourn to thousands of emigrants, on their long and tedious way to the latter region.

We give the following interesting account of the late Mormon Conference in London, held in the Music-hall, Store-street, Bedford-square. It was mentioned, with no small exultation, that this gathering, on the 7th of April, 1867, took place exactly 37 years after that 6th of April, 1830, on which Joseph Smith formed his church of six members. The hall was well filled, especially in the afternoon and evening, with a congregation almost entirely of the lower classes, a large number being women and children. The chair was occupied by Brigham Young, jun., "President over all the saints in Great Britain and Europe," and at present also Commissioner for Utah to the Paris Exhibition. He is about to return, as is the custom with all the Mormon missionaries, to enjoy the comforts of Salt Lake City; and his successor, F. D. Richards sat by his side. On his left was Orson Pratt; and the front row of the platform was filled by some seventeen presidents of branches, elders, missionaries, &c.—men of the most commonplace and uninteresting aspect, but with faces marked by either stolid or smirking

self-conceit. Brigham Young, jun., looks like a substantial yeoman, who has lived up to his privileges in the temporal good things of Zion. Orson Pratt has a very different aspect, his patriarchal beard setting off strongly-marked massive features, of which Lavater might have hesitated to pronounce whether they belonged to a face or a mask. "It is the very face of a false prophet," was the involuntary expression of our companion. The first proceedings (after singing and prayer) were business-like. The "travelling elders" gave in their reports in a tone of general satisfaction ("I feel well about it," was their American phrase), but not without bitter allusions to false brethren, and especially the *Josephites*—confirming the fact that this body, which boasts its unity in contrast to a divided Christendom, has already a large dissent within its bosom. The hospitality of the saints was dwelt upon with a satisfaction somewhat at variance with the highly-coloured pictures found in books of the hardships endured by Mormon missionaries. Every speaker insisted briefly, but with a wearisome sameness, on the common-places of Mormon doctrine, and ended with a blessing in "the name of Jesus Christ," Amen; the *Amen* being echoed in tones expressive of various degrees of applause. Then came the presidents of the conferences of London, Essex, and Kent. (The stronger organisation of Wales and the north, meets at Liverpool, the head-quarters of Mormonism in England.) From them we gather the following statistics:—London has ten branches (i.e., congregations), 93 elders, 54 priests, 21 deacons, 1,030 members on the books, of whom from 30 to 40 are missing. We were struck with the large proportion of office-bearers, and also with the fact that, while 110 converts were baptized in the course of the year, 44 were excommunicated. Here is a measure of the hold that Mormonism has on London. The money raised in the year has been, (omitting odd shillings and pence) for tithes, (which, we believe, go to the building fund for the temple) £110; missions, £337; books, £101; individual emigration, £613—all remitted to Liverpool, except what has been retained for the support of the ministry, and for rent of meeting rooms, the latter item amounting to £200. It was added that the this year's emigration would be small, as no teams are coming down from Utah to the plains, but great preparations are making for 1868, when all the Mormons were earnestly exhorted "to clear out from this land to their home among the mountains," a desire in which most English "Gentiles" will sympathize.

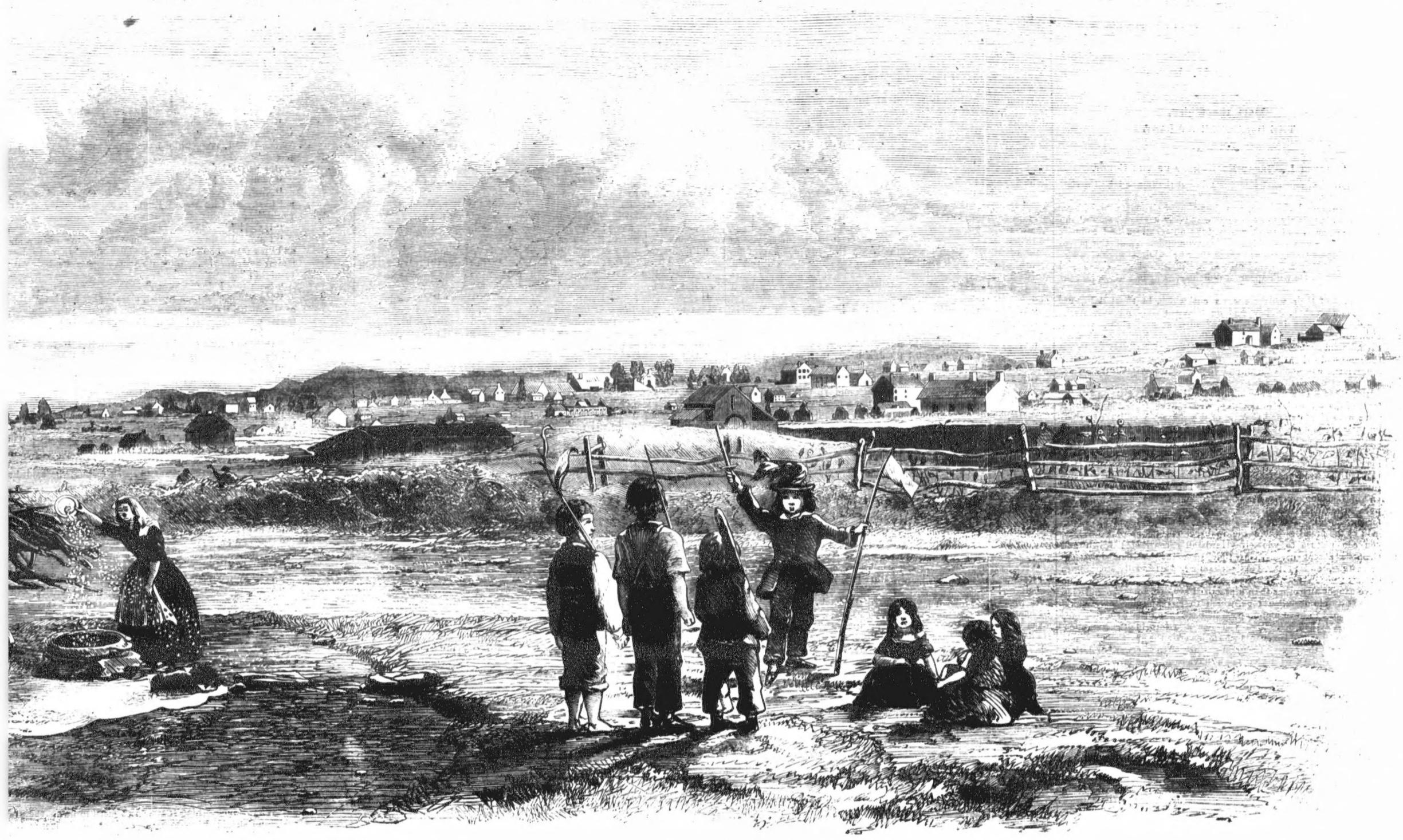
The conversion of St. Martin's Hall into a theatre will, it is reported, be at once proceeded with.

DREADFUL MURDER AT

At the Greenwich Police-court, on Monday 54, described as the wife of an engineer Cross-road, Deptford, was placed in the charged with the wilful murder of her son, nine years and six months, by cutting him. Mr. J. T. Moss, solicitor, appeared for the stout-built person, and who was accommodated the inquiry.—Sarah Ann Worstell said a prisoner, and had been with her and her The prisoner's husband is a retired chief of the Navy. About four o'clock on Saturday afternoon the prisoner's daughter, Mary Ann, aged 20, then went downstairs to see the prisoner. In the breakfast-room she found a stream of body of the deceased son, its head near a pattern on the hearth-rug. Witness immediately the prisoner near the bed-room door, and a matter with Willie, when she replied, "He obliged to do it." Witness then met her in drawing-room, and he went down and brou of the stairs, while witness ran for the witness found her master holding her mistreated in cutting bread was found on the table with blood upon it. Witness had seen the minutes to four in the afternoon, sitting at copy-book, and the prisoner was then sitting the table, with her arms folded. During heard no noise.

By Mr. Moss: During the past week peculiarity in the conduct of the prisoner, w behind her, being very fidgety, and not place. The prisoner had been an invalid witness had been in her service, and had had remarked to the prisoner's daughter he was. The prisoner was always very kind would assist him in his lessons, which he did not see the prisoner near the bedroom door, and was rocking herself to and fro, a be starting from their sockets; and when her she continued rocking herself about.

By Mr. Trail: Witness had never before plain of deceased having vexed her, in fact and fond of him.



THE MORMON SETTLEMENT.—VIEW OF UTAH, ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

icit. Brigham Young, jun., looks like a substantial yeoman who has lived up to his privileges in the temporal good things. Orson Pratt has a very different aspect, his patriarchal setting off strongly-marked massive features, of which I might have hesitated to pronounce whether they belonged to a mask. "It is the very face of a false prophet," he involuntary expression of our companion. The proceedings (after singing and prayer) were business-like. The "traveling elders" gave in their reports in a tone of satisfaction ("I feel well about it," was their own phrase), but not without bitter allusions to false men, and especially the *Josephites*—confirming the fact of their body, which boasts its unity in contrast to a divided dom, has already a large dissent within its bosom. The unity of the saints was dwelt upon with a satisfaction somewhat variance with the highly-coloured pictures found in books of Mormonism endorsed by Mormon missionaries. Every speaker I briefly, but with a wearisome sameness, on the common of Mormon doctrine, and ended with a blessing in "the name of Christ," Amen; the Amen being echoed in tones expressive degrees of applause. Then came the presidents of the of London, Essex, and Kent. (The stronger organisations of Wales and the north meet at Liverpool, the head-quarters of Mormonism in England.) From them we gather the following facts:—London has ten branches (i.e., congregations), 93 elders, 1,030 members on the books, of whom from 10 are missing. We were struck with the large proportion of e-bearers, and also with the fact that, while 110 converts were baptized in the course of the year, 44 were excommunicated. A measure of the hold that Mormonism has on London, one raised in the year has been, (omitting odd shillings and for tithes, which, we believe, go to the building fund for the) £110; missions, £337; books, £101; individual emigration £13—all remitted to Liverpool, except what has been remitted for the support of the ministry, and for rent of meeting rooms. It was added that the latter item amounted to £200. It was added that the year's emigration would be small, as no teams are coming down Utah to the plains, but great preparations are making for when all the Mormons were earnestly exhorted "to clear out of his land to their home among the mountains," a desire in most English "Gentiles" will sympathize.

conversion of St. Martin's Hall into a theatre will, it is reported, be at once proceeded with.

DREADFUL MURDER AT DEPTFORD.

At the Greenwich Police-court, on Monday last, Eleanor Bell, aged 54, described as the wife of an engineer, residing at 436, New Cross-road, Deptford, was placed in the dock before Mr. Traill, charged with the wilful murder of her son, William John Bell, aged nine years and six months, by cutting his throat with a knife. Mr. J. T. Moss, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner, a remarkably stout-built person, and who was accommodated with a seat during the inquiry.—Sarah Ann Worstell said she was servant to the prisoner.—Sarah Ann Worstell said she was servant to the prisoner, and had been with her and her husband nine months. The prisoner's husband is a retired chief engineer from the Royal Navy. About four o'clock on Saturday afternoon witness let the prisoner's daughter, Mary Ann, aged 20, out at the street door, and then went downstairs to see the prisoner, but could not find her. In the breakfast-room she found a stream of blood, and near it the body of the deceased son, its head near a packing-case, and the feet on the hearth-rug. Witness immediately ran upstairs, and found the prisoner near the bed-room door, and asked her what was the matter with Willie, when she replied, "He vexed me so, and I was obliged to do it." Witness then met her master coming from the drawing-room, and he went down and brought deceased to the foot of the stairs, while witness ran for the doctor. On returning witness found her master holding her mistress. A knife which was used in cutting bread was found on the table in the breakfast-room with blood upon it. Witness had seen the deceased at twenty-five minutes to four in the afternoon, sitting at the table writing in his copy-book, and the prisoner was then sitting on the other side of the table, with her arms folded. During the afternoon witness heard no noise.

By Mr. Moss: During the past week witness had noticed a peculiarity in the conduct of the prisoner, who would be frequently behind her, being very fidgety, and not remaining long in one place. The prisoner had been an invalid during the nine months witness had been in her service, and had not left home. Witness had remarked to the prisoner's daughter how fidgety her mamma was. The prisoner was always very kind to the deceased, and would assist him in his lessons, which he did not like. When witness saw the prisoner near the bedroom door, she appeared very wild, and was rocking herself to and fro, and her eyes appeared to be starting from their sockets; and when her master was holding her she continued rocking herself about.

By Mr. Traill: Witness had never before heard the prisoner complain of deceased having vexed her, in fact—she was always kind and fond of him.

Mr. Hope, surgeon, of Deptford, said he was called by the last witness, and on going to the prisoner's residence he found deceased lying a little on his left side, with a stream of blood, which had fled from the body towards the cupboard. The deceased was then quite dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, close to the vertebrae, and an attempt had evidently been made to sever the head from the body. Witness took possession of the knife, which had a large blade.

By Mr. Traill: In witness's opinion there had been several attempts made to sever the head from the body after life was extinct.

Examination continued: Witness then went up stairs into the bedroom, and found the prisoner with her husband, who appeared frantic, asking the prisoner what she had done, and telling her she had killed his boy. The prisoner replied, on witness asking her what she had done, "He aggravated me so;" and then she made a rush towards a drawer, when witness seized her, and ordered his coachman to go for a constable. The prisoner frequently asked for water and beer.

By Mr. Moss: Witness found the prisoner in a state of great excitement, but during the time he remained in the house, about twenty-five minutes, he did not notice anything which would lead him to form an opinion as to her sanity or insanity.

Mrs. Lucy Cockerton said she resided at 440, New Cross-road, and next door but one to the house occupied by prisoner's husband. On Saturday afternoon witness was fetched by the prisoner's servant, and she then saw a great change in the appearance of the prisoner, whom she had not seen for some months before. She had a peculiar wildness in her appearance.

Police-constable King, 255, R division, said he was called to take the prisoner into custody, but that on proceeding to do so she wrung her hands together and said, "He aggravated me to do it." The prisoner asked several times for water, and also for her bonnet, and on sitting down she wrung her hands again, and repeated that deceased had aggravated her. Witness did not notice any blood either on the prisoner's hands or dress.

Sergeant Kittner, 4 R, produced the knife found on the table of the room in which deceased was found, and which had blood on the handle of it.

The witness Worstell was recalled, and said she had cut deceased some bread and butter with the knife which she left in the breakfast-room.

This being the whole of the evidence, the prisoner was committed for trial at the next Old Bailey sessions.

A double crime of somewhat singular character was committed at Hoxton, on Saturday night. It appears that the landlady of the Bridge House Tavern, Whitbread-road, was a woman, about 23 years of age, as servant. She had her name of Mary Jane Fletcher: that she was married, but that her husband had deserted her, and left her to maintain her two children as she might be able. These children stayed with their mother, and would do so, whilst she (the servant) was in service. Early on Saturday evening Mrs. Fletcher asked permission to go to her mother's, to prevent information being given of her whereabouts to her husband, if he should call and inquire for her. After having obtained permission, she determined that she would not go, because, having nothing to be ashamed of, she did not need to fear his calling. So she continued in the house, doing her work, until about eleven o'clock. At that time a man, who looked like a sailor, entered the house, and going up to the bar, asked if Mary Jane Fletcher was in. The landlady replied that she was in the kitchen, and showed the stranger the way there. She had scarcely time to return to the bar before she heard the reports of two pistol shots, one succeeding the other rapidly. She and the other inmates of the house hastened to the kitchen. They saw the man lying on the floor, with a stream of blood issuing from a great wound in his breast. In one hand he held a pistol, and had evidently thrown away another, which was seen on the floor at a little distance from him. Not far from him his wife lay, also on the floor, and her clothes were saturated with blood. She was exclaiming, "Oh Harry, Harry, how could you be so cruel?" Medical aid was at once obtained, but the man appears to have died instantaneously, and the woman only lived for about half an hour. It seems quite certain that the man's only object in seeking his wife was to murder her. His clothes were searched, and in his pockets were found several large bullets, which fitted the horse-pistols which he had fired, a tin canister containing percussion caps, a quantity of gunpowder, his marriage certificate, and money to the amount of about 25s. The bodies were taken to the dead-house to await a coroner's inquiry.

A large deputation of the Manchester "National Reform Union" waited upon Mr. Gladstone on Saturday, to express their confidence in the right hon. gentleman as the leader of the Liberals, and to present to him a programme of what they wished him to lead them to, including manhood suffrage, the ballot, electoral divisions, triennial Parliaments, &c. Mr. Bright, who spoke, advised the preparation of innumerable petitions against the Government measure.

Read Acre:
A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.
 BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Third.
THE STRUGGLE AT LAST.

CHAPTER I.—GREAT EXCITEMENT UP THE COURT.

There was great excitement one day at the rag and bottle shop up the court.

One autumnal afternoon, two close-shaved strangers might have been observed slowly to walk their way up Drury-lane, stop at the court's entrance, and there warily take observations and compare notes. There was something curiously angular about the movements of these strangers, as though their knee-joints worked awkwardly, and they came evidently of a stiff-necked generation, and turned their heads with apparent difficulty, as upon a hinge in want of oiling.

The cut of their whiskers was a cut which, in those days, was called mutton chop. They had on heavy boots, and were fresh-faced, and rather innocent-looking men at first sight, with a countryish air about the n. There was something evidently of a stiff-necked generation, and they came evidently of a stiff-necked generation, and turned their heads with apparent difficulty, as upon a hinge in want of oiling.

But those who were knowing in town life, and familiar with the faces of the celebrities of the day, would have informed you that these were Hardstaff and Copper, of the detective police, and that, by their appearance, it was probable that they had a job on hand, and would presently make a capture.

They had a job on hand, although they made no capture for a long time to come. Upon the previous day information had reached the head-quarters in Queen-street, respecting an extensive robbery committed at the house of a lady of fashion at the west end of London, and Messrs. Hardstaff and Copper had had, as the phrase goes, the office given them, and were now on the look-out for the thieves. You may be sure that the first step taken was to look at the premises where the robbery had taken place. Here, you can picture to yourself Hardstaff's contracted frown and Copper's absent manner, as they took their way upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, occasionally stopping to examine minutely a tiny spot upon a wall paper, which could not have caught any other than a practised eye, or to stoop and pick up a stray pin or fallen tick, which to less knowing ones would have seemed to have had no possible bearing on the case in hand, and probably had not. Can you not also imagine the trembling curiosity of the maid-servants who followed in the great men's wake, and watched their every look and gesture, often afterwards relating all the particulars, with what might have been, upon any other subject, almost tedious minuteness? You know as well as I do the Hardstaff style of nod and wink, when a suggestion is made, and the incelious smile with which Copper receives information that the ignorant outside world might suppose would alarm him. And who has not by heart the unvarying conclusion which officers will come to at the end of the visit of inquiry, that they know what "school" has "done the job," and rather fancy, with a little patience, they will be able to lay hands on the principal performer?

There was, in this particular instance, a peculiarity of workmanship which brought the affair right home to a certain Slippery Jim, alias, Bob-eyed Jimmy, the Gun Street boy, which was, upon the authority of Hardstaff, unimpeachable. Under these circumstances, and as the slippery bob-eyed one was, according to Copper, close-hauled, and could be fished at any moment, it appeared to the uninitiated that the business was as good as settled, and the stolen property almost recovered again. But this was not the case it appears, for there was a routine which must be gone through, and certain forms to be attended to.

"For," said Copper, "we don't **only** want to catch Jimmy, we must have all the **ugly** while we are about it—or try to."

The butler here rashly ventured to suggest that if his mistress could get back the jewels he did not think the punishment of "the biling" would be of great moment to her, but Copper, looking down upon him, asked in his severest manner, and with his least mirthful smile, who was to catch the thief, and whether his (Copper's) services were required, or her ladyship was going to do it herself in her own way, in which case he (Copper) would respectfully withdraw.

Feeling the hopelessness of affairs generally, should this dreadful deprivation occur, the butler hastily apologized for what he had said, which indeed, he hastened to explain, he had never meant should be taken that way, and hoped that there was no offence.

The Copper surly-gracious made answer: "Of course not. We have all our lines, sir, haven't we? You have yours, and we have ours. We've been in ours some little time, and we don't generally get very far out—not generally."

To this the butler replied, that if Mr. Copper said they never did it would be nearer the truth, and hoped that on their way down stairs they would look into his room and take a glass of wine.

You may be sure that on the way down stairs, they did avail themselves of this invitation, and, seated cross-legged in Mr. Wingbee's sanctum, related some of those wondrous anecdotes which are as household words in the mouths of the detective officers. There was the story of the shirt button, picked upon the floor of the room where the deed of blood had been perpetrated, which, carried about for eighteen months in Mr. Hardstaff's waistcoat pocket, led in the end to the identification and subsequent conviction of the murderer, who all that time had been at large with a shirt button missing on his breast. There were this and half-a-score of other big stories kindly related for the butler's edification, and then, the butler being dismissed, it was time to go, and the officers took their leave, leaving no more time to spare; and the butler went straightway to inform our ladyship how Hardstaff and Copper knew exactly what he had done it, and how they meant to catch him.

"When?" asked Mr. ladyship.

But they had not named a time: most likely directly, for what the butler could say to the contrary—perhaps that very morning.

But, strange to say, when they and Mr. Wingbee had parted company, the two detectives were not nearly as sanguine regarding the result of their inquiries.

"Make a long job out of this, Copper, eh?"

"Fortnight, easy."

"Any good betting up the fence?"

"Might as well, perhaps, but we shan't find anything."

"Might find something else. Look's active. Let's try Johnson's place, up that court out of Drury-lane, to begin with."

This was just one of those lucky chances which now and then make a man's fortune; for when Hardstaff was fixing upon Mr. Johnson's shop, he had the remotest notion that he had fixed upon the right one, or that at that very moment some of the stolen property was hidden away in Mr. Johnson's back parlour.

When the policemen arrived at the end of the court, they separated, as has been shown before, and approached the shop by different routes, not because there was any particular end to be gained by so doing, but that such a proceeding had about it a look of knowingness, which might strike terror into the heart of the wrong-doers, and convince them that it was no good trying any of their tricks, when Hardstaff and Copper had made up their minds to be down on them.

Just outside the shop, when the police officers approached, they found Ikey Mo taking the air, which he took mixed with tobacco, perhaps objecting to it in a raw state as too strong for him; and he was seated upon a stool by the door, with his legs stretched out, so that it was necessary to step over them to enter the shop. At sight of Mr. Hardstaff the youthful Ikey took his pipe out of his mouth, and blowing a cloud of smoke in the policeman's direction, whistled once very shrilly behind it, and would probably have whistled again had not Copper adroitly clutched him by the throat and sent off the sound abruptly.

"What are you doing on? Now, then?" This from Ikey in a tone of bitter injury, and guarding himself with his right arm as he spoke.

"What are you doing on?" retorted Copper.

"No harm, I ain't," replied the Jew boy. "Mindin' the things—what else?"

"They don't want minding, rubbish like that," said Copper, lance contemptuously towards the rags and rusty iron displayed before Mr. Johnson's window—truly not a tempting show of merchandise, and one which none but very miserable thieves indeed would have been likely to meddle with.

"Who's inside?" said Copper; and, without waiting for a reply, stepped across the threshold.

Mother Squelcher was inside, and at that moment busily employed with a heap of odds and ends under the counter—so busily, indeed, she did not seem to notice Copper's approach, and was quite surprised to find him resting on his elbows, looking down at her when she looked up.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you. My friend's got business with the gov'nor. You seem busy to-day."

"I'm so in general; ain't you?"

"It's as it happens. We are, you know, off and on. Just now, for instance, we've got our hands rather full, and—"

"Hullo!"

It was Mr. Hardstaff's voice from the back, shouting loudly "Copper!" and the almost simultaneous smashing of glass that made him rush in the direction from which the sound proceeded. He got there just in time to see Hardstaff scrabbling through the window, while at the same moment a glimpse was obtainable of a sea-faring-looking man, who was scaling the back yard wall. In another moment he had disappeared from view, and ere the detective, out of breath, had reached the wall-to, was lost from sight and nearing in a labyrinth of crooked alleys lying in that direction, into which he had plunged.

Turning his attention from what was passing without, what was to be seen within, Copper's eyes fell on a pocket handkerchief lying open on the edge of the table, in which was a bracelet, a string of pearls, and so on rings, while another bracelet lay on the floor just underneath, seeming to indicate that the man who had run away had tried to pick them up while going, but had succeeded only in securing a part, if any of the scattered treasures.

When Hardstaff returned, in about ten minutes' time, much out of breath and very hot, wiping his head with a red silk pocket handkerchief as he came along, he found Copper smiling to himself, and reading from his note-book as he turned over and examined the various trinkets.

"We've fallen on our feet this time," said Copper. "Here's some of the things."

"How did these come here?" Hardstaff inquired of the woman.

"The young man brought them who run away. He didn't come fair by them, I suppose, or he wouldn't have run. He wanted to sell 'em cheap, but we're not used to them sort of goods, and I was trying to find something to test the metal when you gentlemen first came in."

"Very much so," observed Copper, rather impatiently. "We shall overhaul the shop to see if you've any more, notwithstanding."

It was of little use for Squelcher to protest that she was more innocent than a babe unborn, with respect to the stolen property, neither was the testimony of Ikey Mo, regarding the extremely honourable nature of all Mr. Johnson's business transactions. A wholesale search was instituted upon the premises, and the rag and bone woman ransacked to its innermost depths.

Many and strange were the discoveries resulting from this visitation, and all sorts of hidden treasures brought suddenly to light from unexpected hiding-places, which at first sight were supposed to contain only the veriest rubbish. Before night the zealous officers had quite a large collection of confiscated goods to carry away with them. In the meantime they had despatched messengers to the head-quarters in Queen-street, from which other zealous officers were sent down to their assistance; and Squelcher, taken very quickly in custody, sat closely guarded in the back parlour—her presence being though advisable, in case any other persons connected with the establishment should put in an appearance.

But Ikey Mo managed to slip through their fingers, and make tracks in an easterly direction. The eye of the officer in charge of him being elsewhere fixed for a brief moment's space of time, the Ikey Mo had slipped like a cat out of his handcuffs, and, clearing the shop with a bound, plunged into space, to be an instant afterwards swallowed up in a maze of squat courts forming part of a network, a quarter of a mile square, on the outskirts of which Mr. Johnson's court was situated.

The other court dweller, quickly getting scent of danger off at, peeped furtively round corners and out of windows commanding a view of Mr. Johnson's shop, and presently a rumour circulated that this was only the beginning of a general visitation in town, laid by the authorities, and that the whole parish would presently be turned inside-out, and every one led away to prison. Then, from under drooping brows, restless eyes pierced the gloom in the interior of the shop, and now and then a closely-cropped bullet head still further darkened the doorway. But these belonged to the most venturesome of the little colony; the rest, getting away into close-smelling taprooms, or dark boxes of dirty coffee shops, laid other

bullet heads together, and consulted in hoarse whispers as to what had better be done; while others, more timid still, crammed their pockets with the valuables, and sought shelter in other fastnesses at a remote distance.

When night fell came on a gray-haired man, wearing dilapidated kid gloves, and carrying a cotton umbrella of unusual size, came from the City by way of Lime-d'n-inn-fields, and entered the web of alleys, making towards the particular shop at which the police were in possession. But a hundred or so yards from the entrance to the court a dirty hand plucked at his sleeve, and looking down, he saw the red-haired Jew boy, with a moke, pallid, and unwhole-some countenance, expressive of great excitement and some terror.

"What's amiss?"

"The noses is in at your place. Squelcher's copped. I slipped off the darbies and give 'em the double. Don't go too near, 'cause they're waiting for you."

"What are you saying, you young fiend?" gasped Solomon Acre, in a tremble with rage and fear. "What have you been up, curse you? Which of you did it?"

"We neither on us done nothink," replied the boy, shaking himself like a wet dog, to shake off Solomon's hold on his collar. "I never see such a one! Where's the good o' doin' you a turn? There ain't no harm in it, as I can see."

"I'll throttle out your young life, if you don't tell me what's occurred, without beating about the bush. Well, there, I'll leave go. Now, tell me. Can't you see I'm in a fever to hear what it is. But you can make no allowances."

"It wasn't no fault of ours. That sailor chap came with some things they had lifted yesterday night up west, and while they was littered about on the table, the noses dropped down on us. Squelcher was in the shop, I was at the door and give the signal, but there wasn't no time."

"And they took the sailor?"

"N, he got out of the window, and the bobby after him, but he got clear away. I might have cleared out like a lamb, but I stopped to see what was doing, so as I could tell you, and that's all I gets for it. That's you all over, that is."

"Who could have put them on to our place? And that sailor fool, why did he bring his rubbish there? They followed him, perhaps."

"We don't know. He was there some time before they came. He lost the swag, though. There was no time to pick it up and get away."

"He lost the things, then? That's one comfort."

For some days to come Mr. Solomon Acre found it advisable to take his exercise elsewhere than in the immediate neighbourhood of Drury-lane, over which just at this period, an unpleasant surveillance existed, and round about which Hardstaff, Copper, and Company were for ever rambling, turning up unexpectedly at street corners, and wistfully scanning the horizon from the entrances to a score of courts and alleys. As Jack would have it, too, at the little office up Holborn way something of a disagreeable nature had occurred about the same time, and other officers, equally zealous, were watching the door of Mr. Acre's place of business with a lynx-eyed vigilance there was no possibility of dodging.

Backed by ~~conscious~~ anxiety respecting the nature and extent of the discoveries that had been made at either place of business, and as to how long the activity of the authorities was likely to continue, Solomon wandered about as near the scene of action as he thought safe, and, screwed up in dark corners of dingy coffee-houses, waited for such news as Ikey Mo was able or thought fit to bring him.

Here, upon the backs of envelopes, and on wasted scraps of worn-out letters, with which his pockets were ordinarily stuffed, he made elaborate calculations of a brain-racking character, breaking down in the midst to rock himself to and fro, and gnaw furiously at the finger-ends of his dilapidated gloves. And now and then the attentive hand-maids presiding over these houses of entertainment, where was vended the cup which did not inebriate, nor, indeed, particularly cheer, would be alarmed by Solomon's groaning aloud, and come to shake him. Indeed, there is no denying that Solomon's affairs were in a foggy state, and that the more figuring he did, the less satisfactory was the result arrived at. Some dozen backs of envelopes, and as many more ragged scraps of paper, filled with figures, and yet things showed so sign of meeting. An ever-tightening perplexing problem, how to take ten from five and leave a balance, was still in progress of working out, and as far as ever from a satisfactory solution.

The dilapidated kid gloves, during this period of mental exertion, were so savagely worried, it became a question whether, when the sun was at last brought to an end, they would have any fingers left, for the finger-ends had gone long ago. Mr. Solomon's appetite, too, failing him there got to be an unceasing bogginess about his outer garment, in which he seemed like only half the ghost of the Solomon that used to be—a haggard, wistful, thin-nosed ghost that ought to have been deep buried, and well trodden down long ago.

In this most anxious time, and when the figuring was going on with frenzied haste, a tall, dark man, with a handsome face, a little spoiled by drink, came into the coffee-house where the arithmetician was hard at work, and, taking a seat at the same box, stared him hard in the face.

There were other places vacant, and so it must be supposed that the new comer was anxious to enjoy Mr. Acre's society which was a feeling, to judge by Solomon's impudent gesture when he approached, that was not shared by that gentleman.

Looking across a cup of brown paddle, with which he had been served, the new comer made a lengthened survey of Solomon's agreeable features, and seemed at last to make his mind up to a certainty, for he bent across the table and said:

"Mr. Acre, I believe?"

"No," cried Solomon, with a start.

"Mr. Solomon Acre—unless I'm very much mistaken," continued the stranger. "I've often had the pleasure of meeting you when your brother was alive. I half recognised you, just now, out in the street, and followed you in. I'm quite certain you are the gentleman I mean, since you have spoken."

"Supposing I am, then," said Solomon; "what do you want with me? What charge have you got to make?"

"None at all, sir," replied the other, smiling, as though he thought the form of words that Mr. Acre had used a pleasant tortoise. "No, none, I assure you. My name is Edward Gay. I half-some dealings with your brother in times past; but when he un-happily died the connection ceased up my taking up my last will. I have often tried to see you since, and have called at your office several times, but, unfortunately, you were out. I thought we might do business together, perhaps."

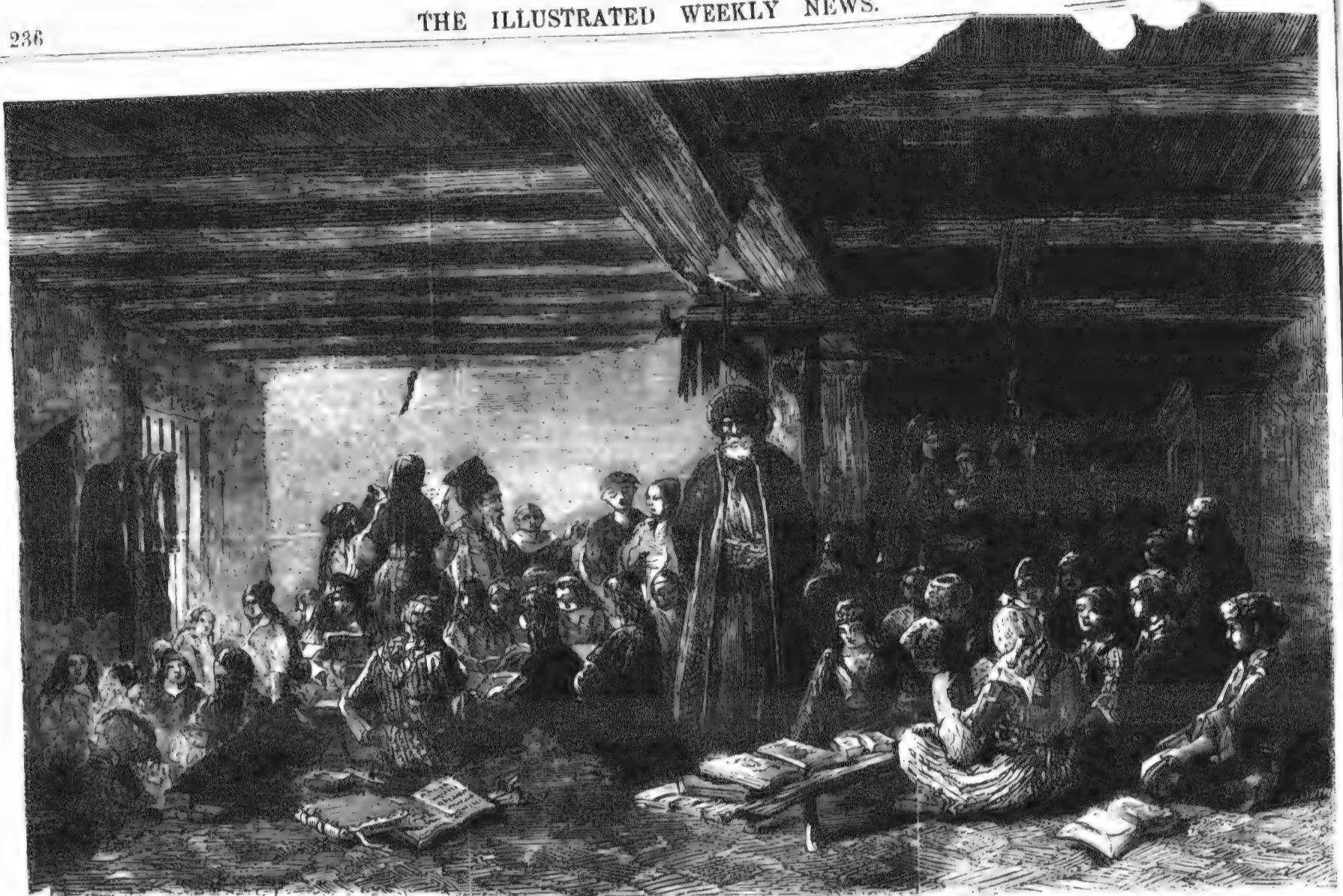
"I think not," said Solomon, curtly.

"Of course, you will use your own discretion upon that head," replied Gay, with a smile, which was just a little savage. "I trust you are not offended by my addressing you?"

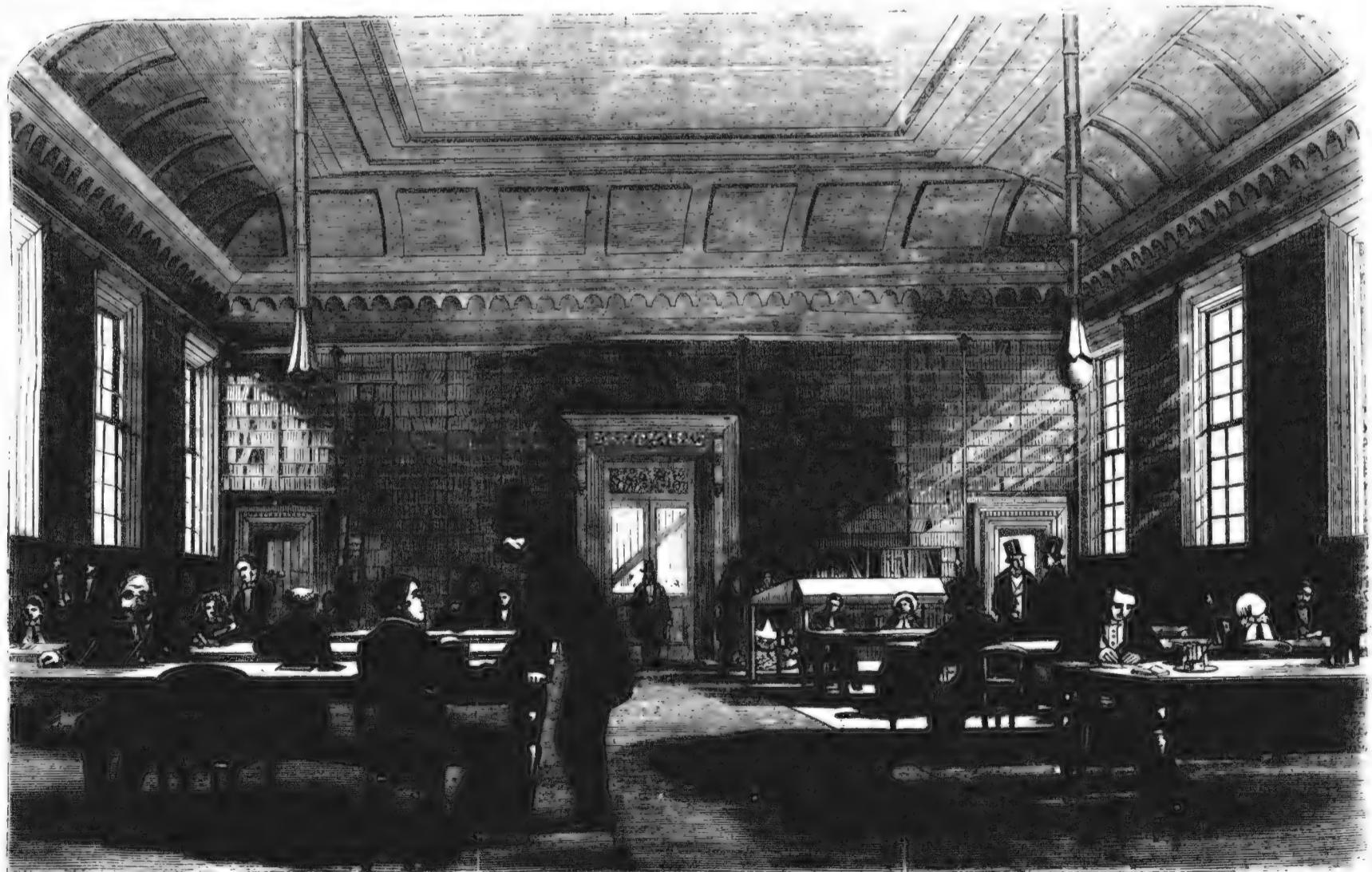
"No; there's no harm done that I know of. Where are you going?"

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

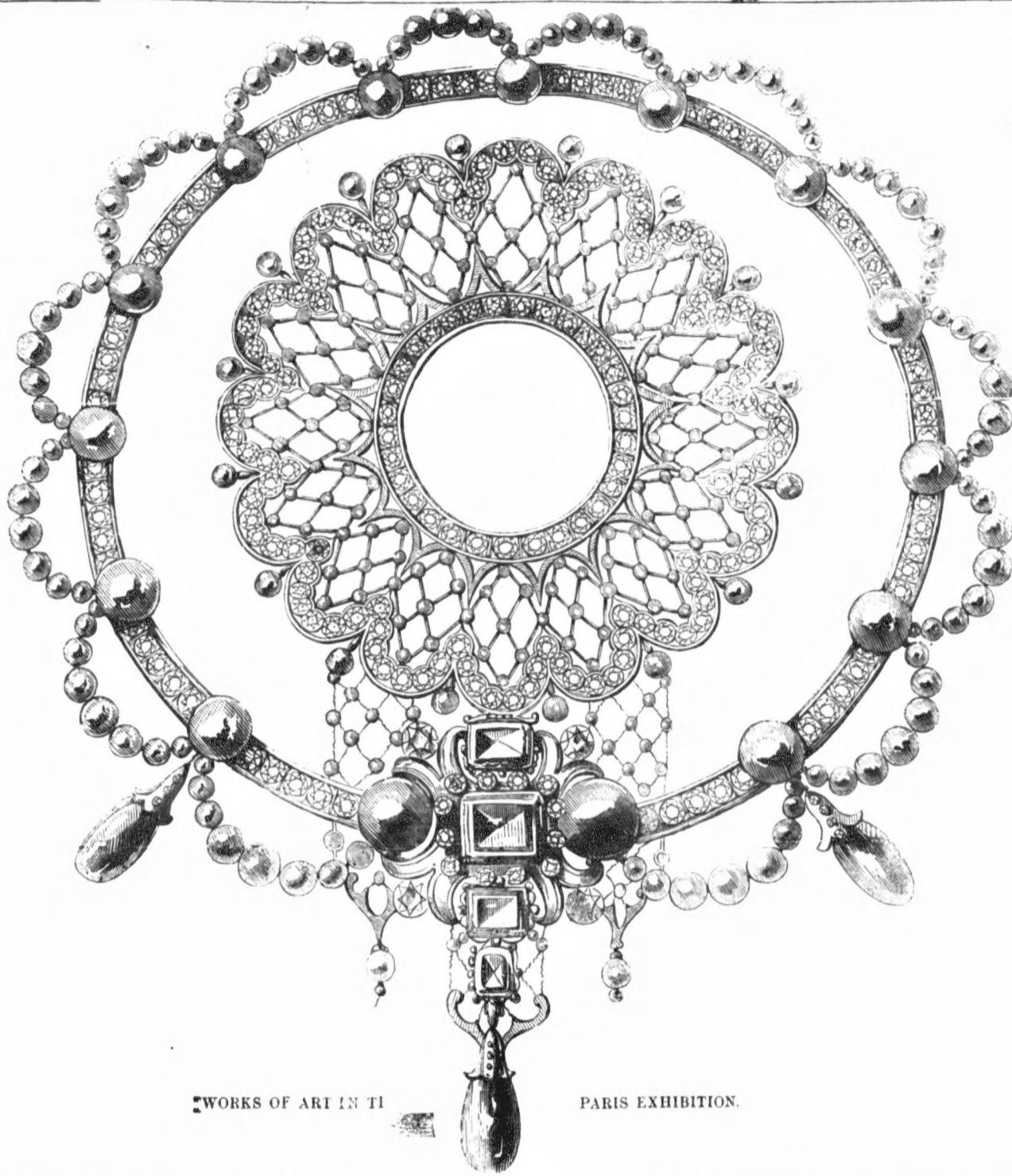
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INTERIOR OF A TARTAR SCHOOL.

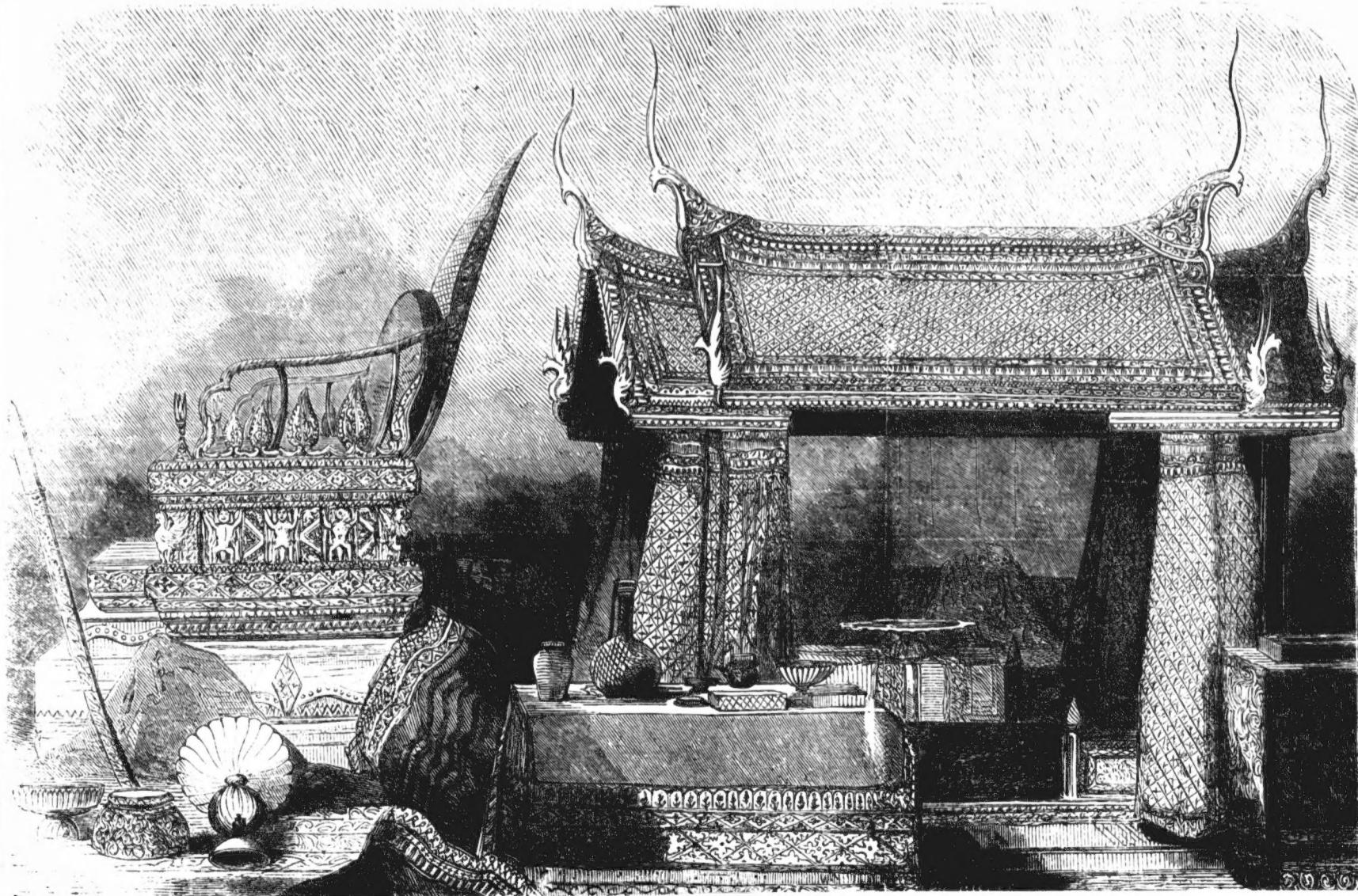


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MORNINGS WITH THE

POLICE.

At the Marlton Hotel, a young man, named David Priole, who styles himself as a cosmopolitan traveller, carrying on business at No. 5, Garter Lane, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with an assault upon Eliza Cawford. The complainant was a respectable young lady, residing with her parents in Marlton, and about eight o'clock on Friday evening she was walking with her sister in Threadneedle-street, on their way home, when the prisoner came up to them, put his arm round her neck, and kissed her. They walked a short distance till they met a policeman, and told him what had happened, and he returned with them and found the prisoner in a contention with another female to whom, it appeared, he had attempted to offer a sum of insult, and they give him into custody. The only excuse offered by the defendant was that he was drunk; but the Lord Mayor said that this was no excuse for such an outrage, and he sentenced the defendant to three days' hard labour.

At Marylebone, James Birch, a plate-layer, in the employ of the Great Western Railway, was charged with stealing brass bearings from a five-ton crane, at the goods dépôt of the Great Western Railway. The evidence showed that on the night of the 3rd of May, two porters, named Howse and Bunting, were going across the yard at the dépôt, when their attention was attracted by hearing a noise at one of the cranes. On proceeding to the spot, the prisoner was seen with a chisel and a spinner (an instrument for extracting iron nuts) in his possession. The prisoner threw away a portion of the brass bearing of the crane. The prisoner, upon being given into custody, said he was sorry. Mr. Lowther, the company's engineer, said robberies similar to this had been a very serious annoyance and inconvenience to the company. The brass bearings had been stolen from the five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-ton cranes. Through this, great delay was occasioned in loading and unloading the trucks. Mr. M'Neff committed the prisoner for trial.

Louis Gustave Dromiz, a respectable-looking man, described as a jeweller, was charged before Mr. Tyrell with being drunk, and obstructing police-constable Reeves, 85 C, in the execution of his duty. Police-constable Reeves, 85 C, said that on Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, he was in Albemarle-street, when the prisoner came up to him smoking a cigar, and blew the smoke in his face, and then followed him about for sometime, occasionally pushing against him and blowing the smoke of his cigar in his face. A sergeant came up and told him that he must not have a drunken man following him about, and he told the sergeant that the prisoner had followed him about the previous night also for two hours. He had had the prisoner in custody previously for being drunk and disorderly, when he was discharged by the magistrate. Mr. Tyrell said the prisoner was one of those ill-conditioned men who disliked a man because he wore a blue coat. He could clearly understand what the prisoner's object was. He was trying to make the constable lose his temper and his situation. The prisoner would have to pay 40s. or a month.

Thomas Lee, a rough fellow, described as a labourer, was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting James Morlen, baronet to Mr. Wilkins, the proprietor of the Victoria Hotel and Tavern, Apollo-road, King's-cross. Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, attended for the prosecution. About half-past nine at night the defendant went into the corner bar, called for a pot of sixpenny ale, and put down fivepence to pay for it. The ale was taken back, and when he paid the proper amount it was turned to one. While the complainant was serving another customer the defendant swept the ale and the glasses over him. A police-constable was sent for, and the defendant given into custody, and on the way to the station he was very violent, and assaulted the police. The defendant said he was very sorry for what had occurred, but it would not have happened had he not been the worse for liquor. Mr. Ricketts said that drunken men were not served in the house. The defendant knew what he was about, and Mr. Wilkins wished an example made of the defendant, to show man of his description that they could not do as they pleased in licensed victuallers' houses. The magistrate ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 20s., or in default 14 days' imprisonment. The defendant said he was innocent.

At Worship-street, George Street, as given on the prosecution, a powerful and boisterous man, was charged with stealing a purse, containing £1 19s. 6d., from the person of William Wood, living at 22, Edward-square, Caledonian-road, Islington. Prosecutor, who is a cobbler, detailed his loss quantum and clearly. Mr. Neston: What are you?—Prosecutor: What am I? Well, I'm a plate-layer—work on the underground railway, and come above to be robbed, that's for certain. That chap (pointing to prisoner) stole my purse, a seal'd with a clasp. It was gone, bless the man, there just in no time. Between one and two hours ago I was in Brick-lane, and saw a boy with some birds in a cage. Well, you see, my purse was in my trouser-pocket, and as I know well enough the set as walks about London streets, why I keeps my hand upon the purse. Howsover, to bless my heart, the birds were pretty creatures, and I took my hand out just to touch 'em like. Dang'd if it didn't go in a twinkling. He got it. Mr. Newton: Got what?—Prosecutor: The purse, mon, to be sure, and £1 19s. 6d. clean gone. I never sold it since either, though I followed him into a public-house, and told I'd give him into custody. Prisoner: Why do you say I stole it eh?—Prosecutor: You were he as stood bang next to the pocket mon. Don't thee be a d—d fool. Come, now, where is it? (Laughter.) Prisoner: I know nothing about it. Didn't I tell you so before?—Prosecutor: Aye, aye. Prisoner: And didn't I tell you to fetch a policeman?—Prosecutor: Aye, aye. Prisoner: And didn't he search me, and not find it?—Prosecutor: Aye, aye; and how should he, when you passed it to another man, who I see before the constable came, eh?—Prisoner denied this, but Mr. Newton fully committed him for trial, and prosecutor remarked that "All was not quite fair above ground."

Henry Allen, of No. 1, Banner-street, St. Luke's, a shoemaker, was charged before Mr. Barker with feloniously setting fire to the dwelling-house of Elias Coombs, No. 1, Banner-street, St. Luke's, the said Elias Coombs being in the house at the time of the offence being committed. Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, prosecutor. Mrs. Margaret Allen said, about half-past ten on the night of the 10th Inst., three children belonging to the prisoner came running down stairs, and said that their father had set fire to the bed. The prisoner was in the room above her. Previous to that she heard the children crying, and heard them say, "Dont, father, dont!" She was standing on the landing, and she ran up stairs to the prisoner's room. The door was open, and she saw on the floor some

straw that was all in a blaze. She said, "Oh, you vagabond!" and he said, "It is done for now." She saw the prisoner's wife assist her in putting out her work. She pulled the wife loose of her gown, before which the wood would be burnt. Thereupon the woman, who was a seamstress, said to the prisoner, "What is this you are doing?" He was not in the room, but the prisoner, who was a drayman, said he resided in the room. The man was a respecter, and he heard him make use of very abusive language, and several times he told he would be well rid of him. He came out of his room to see what the prisoner was about, and the prisoner's room was all in flames, a large lamp had fallen in his room. The prisoner was in the room, and he was standing looking at the straw burning. He said, "I never told him he was a vagabond, and ought to be ashamed of himself; but he merely turned and crossed the room with indifference. He helped to put the fire out; the floor was much burnt. The straw was in the room or a bed. Charles Barker, engineer at the Whitecross-street fire station, said that he took a look at eight feet of the flooring partly burnt, and the prisoner said that the fire occurred when he was lighting his pipe, the match falling accidentally on the straw. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner for a week.

At Clerkenwell, Joseph Willis, a labourer, was charged with burglariously breaking into and entering the dwelling-house of Mr. Isaac Bennett, water-moulder and jeweller, of Dowisham-road, Kingsland, and, forsooth, with committing a murderous assault on Joanna McCarthy, of the parish of Hackney, on the 15th of January last. Mr. Bennett said he was a jeweller, and carried on business at Dowisham-road, Kingsland. On Tuesday morning, the 15th of January, he was awake by hearing loud screams from the housekeeper, who slept in the adjoining room to his. He slept at the back of the shop for the security of his property. When he heard the screams, he saw his housekeeper in the act of attempting to secure a man (the prisoner), who suddenly ran by the post of his bed towards the shop, in which a light was burning. The housekeeper was bleeding from a severe wound in the head. The top of the kitchen window was, as well as the yard door. The window was broken near the hump. The house and all the windows and doors were locked and safe the night before, but when he went down he found the doors were open. Joanna McCarthy said, about half-past one in the morning she awoke by a noise, and got up, and looked into the yard, but seeing nothing, she went to bed again and fell asleep. About half an hour afterwards she was again awake, and she saw the prisoner pass through her room. Her master's sleeping-room was separated from hers by folding doors, and she saw the prisoner go into her master's room, and he stood over her master whilst he was in bed and looked him in the face. She jumped up and tried to seize the prisoner, but he turned round and struck her on the head with some heavy instrument. She fell a great deal, and fell insensible. The gas is kept burning all night, and she had a very distinct view of the prisoner, and had not the slightest doubt as to his identity. The next time she saw him was when he was kenned at the Mansion House, on a charge of breaking with intent to commit a felony, and she then picked him out from among several others. Police-constable Turner, 51 N, said that he apprehended the prisoner as he was leaving Holloway Prison, and on telling him the charge he said it was all right, and that he expected he should be taken. The prisoner, in defence, said that he could not afford to prove that he was not at the spot on the night in question. He was committed for trial.

George Shannon and Richard Neville were charged with being concerned with a third man in the crime of stealing from Fatham mill-lodging from the master in the Queen's-road, Peckham, in front of the post-office in Beresford-place. Mr. Clark, one of the Post-office inspectors, on the 1st of May, was at the South-Western Office, and saw the prisoner with an other man standing about, near the entrance to the middle of the road. He went inside, leaving the man at the door. Shannon looked inside the entrance and saw it was empty. The other man walked away. Mr. Clark gave instructions to the others Rosabell and Sneed to keep a watch. Rosabell proved that from Tuesday until Friday he and Sneed watched the entrance of the mill-lodging. At a few minutes past eight o'clock on Friday evening (Rosabell's account) I saw a man pass from the other two men in Southwark, which is close by the dock road. I saw him go up to the door, and I did not know him. He took Richard Neville, and then all three went through Southwark into Peckham-street. I took Shannon. Sneed took Neville and the other man away. As soon as I seized Shannon, he threw the bag into the middle of the road. I said "What are you going to do with this bag?" He made no reply, but put his legs between mine and tripped me up. We both fell, he under me. He said, "What have you got me for?" I said, "Stealing the mail-bag." When I proceeded to search him, he resisted violently, and said, "What I have got I will give you, but you shall not take it from me." With the assistance of Sneed, I secured him, and took a cleaver to his hand. He said, "It is of no use now. I have got my way, so take it away from me." The knife was not sharp. I held on the prisoner rather tightly on two occasions. That was Neville, the other at about six times, and the other man who escaped several times. Since the other Post-office constable: When Rosabell was searching Shannon, witness saw a knife in his hand, and drew Rosabell's attention to it. The prisoner dropped the knife into his pocket, from which Rosabell took it. James Trickey, a stonemason in the South-Western Post-office, identified the bag, which he had himself placed in the cart. Edwin Trinder, a sorter, who made up the bag, deposed that, after putting the letters in, he tied it, and had it sealed in his presence. He now opened it and exhibited its contents, consisting of about 200 letters. None of them were registered. Mr. Peacock suggested that they had better be returned to the district office, to be delivered to the respective addressees. Mr. Peacock then said that completed the case against the prisoners, as he stood back for a moment, and said, "A verdict might be made as to their antecedents—Mr. Flower: Besides, you might be enabled to find the other man. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.

At Clerkenwell, Rachael Knight, aged twenty-seven, a cobbler, residing at 129, Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, was charged before Mr. Barker with causing the death of her husband by stabbing him in the thigh with a carving knife. Police-constable 179 G said: On the 21st of March, at eleven o'clock in the morning, he was on duty in Whitecross-street, and, seeing a crowd, he went there, and found the prisoner's husband bleeding from a wound in the thigh. While taking the man to the surgeon, he said it was entirely his own fault, as he was about to strike his wife, and she, having a knife in her hand, endeavoured to prevent the blow, and in doing so the knife went into his thigh. Reeves, the street-keeper of St. Luke's, said he took the prisoner into custody on a charge of stabbing her

husband, at that time blood was running from his shoes. She was very excited, and said, "Have I killed him?" The constable said nothing, but went on. On the way to the police-court the prisoner said, he was treated very badly, and only before the birth of her infant she had in her arms he assaulted her. He (witness) asked the prisoner's husband if he would charge her, and he said "I do not wish to hurt her." The man was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and whilst the prisoner was under remand he died. The prisoner was a respectable, hard-working woman. Police-constable 179 G, said that when he was taking the charge against the prisoner, she asked him if her husband lived, and said if he did she hoped they would let her see him. She also said that he had behaved very badly to her, and that it was through jealousy she did it. He was about to strike her, when she held up the knife, and he ran against it. She also said that some woman had told her that she had seen her husband acting in an improper way with a female in a coal-shed. An inquest had been held, and the verdict was Accidental Death. John Tyrrell Wimham, surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, said that the deceased was brought to the hospital on the 21st of March, and he said his wife had stabbed him in the thigh with a knife. He examined him, and found a wound an inch in length just above the hip. He inserted his finger in the wound, and it went in about three parts of an inch. He went in favourably for some time, but on the 1st of April the wound re-opened, and he lost over thirty ounces of blood. An operation was performed to stop the bleeding. The deceased then went on well for some days, but he died on Wednesday, the 20th of April. He died from loss of blood. The wound was about eight inches in depth, and must have gone nearly through the thigh. The wound might have been caused by the knife produced (a large carving knife). The prisoner said she had no observation to make. Mr. Barker said there was no evidence against the prisoner, and discharged her.

CASUALTY AND CRIME.

The trial of a person named Greatorex, whose capture it may be remembered at New York excited considerable interest at the time, for forging and uttering £3,000 one-pound notes of the Union Bank, Glasgow, has just taken place before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh. The proceedings lasted three days, and the prisoners, being found guilty, were sentenced on Saturday night, Greatorex to 20 years, and the Grimshaws to 15 years' penal servitude.

On Friday evening an explosion took place on board the screw steamer George Eliot, on the South side of Dundee Harbour. The steamer was laden with gas coals, bound for London. The hatches were blown off, and the cabin deck torn up and rent in two halves. The skylight was also blown off, and a number of articles in the cabin destroyed. Fortunately the whole of the crew were on deck at the time. The only person injured was the second engineer, who was burnt about the face. In consequence of the explosion the steamer was unable to proceed.

A destructive collision occurred on the Scarborough line of the North-Eastern, close by the Melton station, about noon on Saturday, between a goods train and a coal train. The driver and stoker escaped unharmed, but the driver and another man were hurt after the accident, in assisting to remove the broken van and truck. The shock was so severe that the engine of the coal train was hauled off the road. The van of the goods train was forced upwards, and the next truck, laden with baskets, was turned upside down on the up-line, the van's top being across it.

An inquest has been held at Windermere, on a boy five years of age, who was killed, on his way home from Sunday-school, by a wound on the forehead from a marble, shot from a catapult by a boy at Windermere College. It was proved by a boy named Davison that the shot was deliberately fired by a boy named Romney, who said, "That was a good shot; I hit him on the hat." Romney, in his evidence, said it was Davison who fired. The jury could not agree on their verdict, were locked up again, and discharged at eight o'clock on the following morning.

The Edinburgh, Leith, and Clyde Company's steamer Prince Consort, running between Edinburgh and the port of Scudant, went ashore on the rocks to the south of Aberdeen during a heavy fog on Saturday morning. The accident was seen by some fishermen on shore, and speedily manning their boats, they were able, aided by Captain Parrott and his men, to save the whole of the passengers, one hundred in number. No baggage or cargo was saved, many of the passengers having to rush from their berths to the boats. The vessel was soon a total wreck. The captain had a narrow escape, refusing to leave his post till the last moment.

On Saturday afternoon some boys, pupils of a school at Cullion, were playing on the downs, near the Bradgate Valley-road. A policeman, who observed their hazardous pastime, was proceeding to warn them of the danger they incurred by playing so near the edge of the road, but before he could get up to them he saw one of them, named George Marden, aged 17, fall over a point overhanging the Bridge Valley-road. The poor child fell a distance of nearly 50 feet before his descent was at all impeded by the projecting rocks or foliage, and he then rolled some distance further, in all a height of 150 feet. He was picked up and taken to the General Hospital, but soon died of a fractured skull. It is not many days since a like accident befell a youth who was gathering wild flowers, and who was severely, if not fatally injured.

Information of a re-assuring nature as to the health of Lord Brougham has (says the *Journal*) reached us. After a slight cold, during the persistence of which Lord Brougham continued his early habits, he suffered from great exhaustion, so much so as to give his friends considerable anxiety. He has, however, rallied wonderfully, and is now taking a regular exercise twice-daily. It is fully expected that he will shortly be able to undertake his accustomed journey to England.

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